

# The ROTARIAN

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**MARCH •** CHANNING POLLOCK • EARNEST ELMO CALKINS **• 1939**  
And Symposium: Build St. Lawrence Seaway?



The Old Mission Bell  
over the arch and en-  
trance to Hermit's  
Rest on the south rim  
of the Grand Canyon.

# F I D E L I T Y



THE bell—the true symbol of sound—its ring has stirred the hearts of men in victory and devotion—its tone rings true. The bell is to sound what the camera is to sight whose lens captivates the fleeting scene—a bird perched on a willow branch—a streamlined train roaring down a ribbon of steel.

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# TRUE PICTURE OF YOURSELF AS A BOOK-READER

Here is a list of some good books widely talked about during 1938. Check those you wanted very much to read—and those you did read.

This list represents the 1938 books which have been most in demand by our members.

YOU INTENDED TO READ	NON-FICTION	YOU DID READ
<input type="checkbox"/>	Benjamin Franklin—Carl Van Doren.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	With Malice Toward Some—Margaret Halsey.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Horse and Buggy Doctor.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Arthur E. Hertzler.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fanny Kemble—Margaret Armstrong.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Philosopher's Holiday—Irwin Edman.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Coming Victory of Democracy.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Thomas Mann.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Listen! the Wind—Anne Morrow Lindbergh.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Evolution of Physics.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Albert Einstein & Leopold Infeld.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Out of Africa—Isak Dinesen.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Andrew Jackson—Marquis James.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Summing Up—W. Somerset Maugham.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Fight for Life—Paul de Kruif.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Hell on Ice—Commander Edw. Ellsberg.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Folklore of Capitalism.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Thurman W. Arnold.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Red Star Over China—Edgar Snow.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Tyranny of Words—Stuart Chase.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	This Is My Story—Eleanor Roosevelt.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	A Southerner Discovers the South.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Jonathan Daniels.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Dry Guillotine—Rene Belbenoit.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Importance of Living—Lin Yutang.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Madame Curie—Eve Curie.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	R.F.D.—Charles Allen Smart.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Fashion is Spinach—Elizabeth Hawes.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Arts—H. W. van Loon.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Savage Symphony—Eva Lips.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Four Hundred Million Customers—Carl Crow.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	A Puritan in Babylon—William Allen White.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Goliath: The March of Fascism.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	G. A. Borgese.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<b>FICTION</b>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Citadel—A. J. Cronin.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Great American Novel—Clyde Brion Davis.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Joseph in Egypt—Thomas Mann.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	What People Said—W. L. White.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Winter in April—Robert Nathan.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Turning Wheels—Stuart Cloete.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Imperial City—Elmer Rice.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Rebecca—Daphne du Maurier.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	All This, and Heaven Too—Rachel Field.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Northwest Passage—Kenneth Roberts.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The General's Lady—Esther Forbes.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	My Son, My Son—Howard Spring.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	... and Tell of Time—Laura Krey.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Man's Hope—André Malraux.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Mortal Storm—Phyllis Bottome.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	A Day of Battle—Vincent Sheean.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	The Rains Came—Louis Bromfield.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Action at Aquila—Hervey Allen.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Promenade—G. B. Lancaster.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	And So—Victoria—Vaughan Wilkins.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Count Belisarius—Robert Graves.....	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	Testament—R. C. Hutchinson.....	<input type="checkbox"/>

FREE... TO NEW MEMBERS

**Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann**

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If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a novel which has been acclaimed as "perhaps the greatest creative work of the twentieth century"—JOSEPH IN EGYPT, by Thomas Mann (two volumes, boxed, retail price \$5.00). This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.



Why miss in 1939—as you did in 1938—  
so many new books you would deeply enjoy?

THE self-examination provided at the left will show the degree to which you may have allowed procrastination to keep you from reading new books which you want very much to read. Over 200,000 families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club a really effectual means of solving this problem.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book in advance of its publication. If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

### You Still Browse In Bookstores

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose among all new books with discrimination.

If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying these miscellaneous recommended books from a favored bookseller.

In other words, instead of limiting your reading, this system widens it. You can browse among the books as always, but now do it intelligently; you know what to look for.

Once and for all this system really keeps you from missing the new books you want to read. You do actually buy and read those you want, instead of confessing sadly to

friends, "I never got around to reading that!"

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway, because they are so widely talked about. (Outstanding examples of these in 1938 were THE YEARLING, WITH MALICE TOWARD SOME, THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR, and a list of others too long to include here.) For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.

### Free Books You Get

These book-dividends represent a unique system of saving through quantity production. The resulting economy is extraordinary. For every \$1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive over 75¢ back in the form of free books.

Some of the actual book-dividends distributed within recent months is the best indication of what can be done by this system: they included BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (a special \$6 edition); JOSEPH IN EGYPT (2 vols., \$5); the Pulitzer Prize edition of ANDREW JACKSON, by Marquis James (\$5); MADAME CURIE, by Eve Curie (\$3.50); THE ARTS, by Van Loon (\$3.95). These books were given to members—not sold, mind you!

### What's Your Obligation

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.

Your only obligation as a member is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club. These may be either current or past selections.

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Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive, free, the book checked below, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book-dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

Check title you prefer to receive as your free enrollment book

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☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

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Miss }

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Photo: Courtesy, B. F. Goodrich Co.

Baseball's famed Tris Speaker—now a Cleveland Rotarian—gives a tip.

### Diamonds in the Rough

Tomorrow's triumphs are being won today on 10,000 sandlots. So says Tris Speaker, one of baseball's greatest outfielders, in the April ROTARIAN, referring to the rapid development of amateur-baseball clubs for boys. As now sponsored, he asserts, it makes for better bodies, minds, citizenship.

### That Impossible Age

To all youth there comes a time when they rebel. Overnight they become intolerant, lashing out savagely at people and institutions. Alarmed, parents ask what they can do to overcome this sudden recalcitrance. For them, André Maurois has a heartening answer.

### Troubadours of 1939

Every nation has its old songs as well as its new songs. In the United States, reports T. H. Alexander in the April ROTARIAN, the former have become the basis of the National Folk Festival—a new movement worth noting.

### Main Streets Today

Cities have two sections: one in which it lives; the other in which it makes a living—Main Street. Earnest Elmo Calkins (see page 14 this issue) presents the second of two stimulating articles on the evolution of business districts—

**In Your April  
ROTARIAN**

## Our Readers' Open Forum

Presenting interesting letters of comment from the editorial mailbag

### Color-Merchandising Feat

I was most interested in *Color—Our New Star Salesman*, by James McQueeny and Dr. Podolsky [January ROTARIAN].

Probably through an oversight the two illustrations on page 14 are tied up with the recording spectrophotometer. Actually the plane-loading photograph depicts a plane especially chartered by my client Marshall Field & Company to rush finished dresses to Chicago from Newark to complete the first international transmission of color merchandising. So far this feat has not been duplicated by any device other than Colorcode.

HOWARD KETCHAM

Howard Ketcham, Inc.  
New York City, New York

### 'Grave Mistake'

In regard to *Classification: Unions?* [editorial, January ROTARIAN], I believe the admittance of labor representatives to Rotary would be a grave mistake. "Labor unionism," as now constituted, is directly opposed to freely contractual management of private enterprise which Rotary at present strictly represents. Besides, there is no parallelism of effort, spirit, or service as compared with our present membership.

EDW. H. MILLER, *Rotarian*

*Classification: Screws and Belts Mfg.*  
St. Louis, Missouri

### Employees in Rotary?

Re: the editorial *Classification: Unions?* [January issue], I believe he is blind who does not see in the social-economic trend of the world the fading line of demarcation between capital and labor. That the employer and the employee are two different kinds of animal has long since been refuted. That their interests are common, that mutual well-being can only come from coöperation, are now well recognized.

Industrial and business leaders today—if they are not still battling for status quo and against the inevitable trends—are practicing a new technique. I say "practicing." They are practicing in the sense of learning. They are experimenting. They are studying. They are venturing into a new field, the field of fraternalism with employees. Rotary has always borne the mark of the capitalistic segment of society. It has been the owners, the executives, the partners, the administrative officers, who have been granted the classification and asked to represent it in Rotary membership. We have in times past made a change which permits an additional active member from a business firm already represented by a regular member.

I believe it would be in order, and that the further change may come, to permit a business or industrial leader, a corporation executive, a storekeeper, a farmer—any one of our present type of members—to have associated with him in his Rotary attendance a representative of his employees. This may be worked somewhat as we do our Junior "Rotarians" from the high schools—a different man each week, or for a more extended period. Can you not see with me the value of such association toward a better understanding between employer and employee? Would this not be in keeping with our objective of "recognizing the worthiness of all useful occu-

pations"? Surely it would be a step toward the "development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service."

EARLE G. THATCHER, *Rotarian*

*Classification: Chambers of Commerce*  
Vero Beach, Florida

### Note Taking an Adventure

Many times, when I have been especially impressed by articles in THE ROTARIAN, I have intended to write and thank you. This time I shall not let the opportunity go by.

I refer, on this occasion, to *Make a Note of It!*, by Robert R. Updegraff [January issue]. Not only is his reasoning sound, but also he makes an adventure of this sort of self-improvement, which is quite delightful. I am sure many of your readers will be grateful to him and to you.

IRENE ARMSTRONG

Brighton, Massachusetts

### 'Make Idols of Our Children'

Thank you for the article *Needed: Tough Minds in Tough Bodies*, by Walter B. Pitkin [January ROTARIAN], in which he makes a plea for more and better child labor for youths 14 and up. It's a crime how useless they are. I wrote an article on a similar theme for our woman's club and among a few homemade proverbs I included this: "Give youth responsibility and he will be responsible. Give him none and he will continue to think Father and Mother should be Santa Claus." In China they worship their ancestors. We make idols of our children. There surely ought to be a straight and narrow way which avoids extremes.

MRS. MARTHA C. HUBBARD

Urbana, Illinois

### 'Overprivileged Boys, Meet Bill!'

The overprivileged boys whom Walter B. Pitkin discussed in *Needed: Tough Minds in Tough Bodies* [January ROTARIAN] should meet one of the charter members of the Rotary Club of Amarillo, and still an active member—W. A. Askew. Maybe if they had that privilege, they, too, might determine that nothing would stand in the way of making the most of their abilities. Obviously, they can't meet our "Bill," so I'll tell them about him.

Bill was born in a log cabin in 1878 on the Colorado River's banks near Marble Falls, Texas. He went to the country schools, then to the Marble Falls High School—four miles away on foot. After school he picked cotton as long as it was light, or cut wood or shucked corn. Bill was graduated from high school and went to work as a cowboy on large ranches. During the Spring and Fall he was busy enough, but when Winter arrived, the work departed. He got a job on the road gang of the Fort Worth & Denver Railway—where he worked until the boss told him he worked harder and did less than any man on the job. When he quit—in January—he had no money as well as no job: all his money had been sent to his father to help the other children through school.

For a while he sweated (a "sweater" is one who goes from camp to camp to live through the Winter until the Spring work begins) and then turned his horse's head west to the XIT Ranch, where he got a job in the bog camp for the

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Students and teachers in high schools and colleges, club women, business and professional men, and others are finding Rotary's magazine, THE ROTARIAN, useful in preparing papers, debate speeches, and talks. This is made possible in more than 3,000 communities through the courtesy of a Rotary Club. Here is an opportunity to serve. One year's subscription is only \$1.50. THE ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

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rest of the Winter. He knows what it is to pull bog, work on windmills, build fences, plow fireguards, fight prairie fires, build tanks, trap wolves, ride the line, rope and brand cattle, and head off stampedes on rainy nights. And he knows what it is to be hungry and dirty.

But Bill had ambition. He quit ranching and went to business college in 1904—borrowing the money from a ranchman. Later he came back to west Texas and got a job. He travelled for a while and then went into the insurance and real-estate business, in which he is still interested.

Most men would have stopped there. But not Bill. He learned that a high-school graduate could get a license to practice law if he passed the State bar examination. So he started to read law after he had finished his day's work at the office. He read it every night for six hours—often he read it all night. For four years, when in his 50's, he read and studied. He gave up social activities and participation in other interests so he could prepare for the bar test. He took one year in junior college studying freshman English.

He didn't pass the first time he took the bar examination. But finally, a few days before he was 57 years old, he received a certificate granting him the right to practice law in Texas. Now he has a good law practice and enjoys it.

Bill, of course, had no chance—measured by the overprivileged boy's yardstick. But he did—by his own. We're proud of Bill!

ALLEN EARLY, Rotarian  
Classification: Past Service

Amarillo, Texas

## 'Man's Danger Line'

Margriet Benz's *So Many Widows* [January ROTARIAN] reminds me of something I recently read in a booklet entitled *Man's Danger Line Begins at Forty*, by John L. Rice. The author points out that more men than women die just after that age, and recommends 11 substitutes for middle-age diversions. Here they are:

1. One less hour of worry for one more hour of laughter.
  2. One less week of high-pressure living for one more week of restful vacation.
  3. One less luncheon conference for one more midday period of relaxation.
  4. One less evening of formal society for one more evening with a jolly book.
  5. One less banquet for one more quiet supper with the family.
  6. One less hour under the electric light for one more hour in the sunshine.
  7. One less hour in the auto for one more swinging along on foot.
  8. One less hour of work for one more physical examination by your doctor.
  9. One pound less of body fat for one more of tougher muscle.
  10. One less helping of meat for one more of vegetables.
  11. One less cocktail for one more hour of sleep.
- It's time now to start swapping at the danger line.

CHARLES T. GILMORE  
Secretary, Rotary Club

Circleville, Ohio

## 'Leave the Villain Out'

I read with a great deal of interest the articles for and against radio programs for children [*Does Radio Harm Our Children?*, debate-of-the-month, November ROTARIAN]. I am not a psychologist and have no right to say whether or not they are harmful for children in general, but this is my personal experience: They cannot be compared to the dime novels of the past, because they are so highly dramatized with sound effects and voice inflections that my children almost live the experiences. I find my son and daughters imitating the bad characters rather than the good, and my son seems to dwell on the crime aspect of the programs. . . .

Angelo Patri once said, through his newspaper column in answer to a mother, that parents could turn off the radio if they didn't want their children to listen. I have tried it, with the result that the children sneak off to some neighbor children's house to listen. Furthermore, there are no other decent or interesting programs between 5 and 6 o'clock. . . .

There is so much fine literature as well as everyday happenings in Nature around us that could be dramatized. Why dwell on the sordid and morbid, and on crime? Boy and Girl Scout stories might be worked up—saving a life, finding a lost child, doing a deed of kindness (leave out the moral). Let's leave the villain out of the picture for a change!

MRS. J. T. COLE  
Wife of a Rotarian

Kennebunk, Maine

## Re: Language Cut to Fit

We take the opportunity to call your attention to the fact that the article of Mrs. Morris which appeared in the November issue of THE ROTARIAN [*A Language Cut to Fit the World*] contains a certain number of inaccuracies, as, for example:

1. In the Occidental text "niun" should read "necun."
2. The number of known projects for international languages is not 300, but more than 700 (statistics published by Yushmanov in "Mondo" and in the encyclopedia of Cornioley in "Progreso").
3. There is no indication that the second collaborator of the Committee for Agreement of IALA is an Esperantist.
4. Ido is not the result of "some proposals" by de Beaufront, but is the work of Couturat, a great French mathematician.

FRED. LAGNEL, Director  
Institute Occidental  
Chapelle (Vaud) Switzerland

Editor's Note: (1) Mr. Lagnel is correct; "niun" should have been "necun." (2) Estimates are certain to vary; the "more than 300" reference of Mrs. Morris is said to be conservative. P. E. Stojan's *Bibliografía de Internacia Lingvo*, published in 1929, for example, lists 329 projects. (3) Dr. William E. Collinson, to whom Mr. Lagnel refers, has long been interested in Esperanto and is an expert in that constructed language; however, he sits on the Committee in his capacity as a philologist. (4) Mrs. Morris's sentence in this regard read: "Ido embodies certain reforms of Esperanto proposed by the French Marquis de Beaufront."

## Understanding Necessary

The letter in Our Readers' Open Forum headed *Heed Opera-Goers' Preferences* [February ROTARIAN] reminded me of Peter Molyneux's article in the November, 1937, ROTARIAN [*A Beam of Light for This Dark Day*] about our general lack of correct information in regard to affairs of other lands. Like other Americans, I'm very partial to a number of our national prejudices, but partiality is not often an aid to comprehension of different viewpoints. As Louis Adamic said in *Making Them Feel at Home* [February ROTARIAN], international understanding begins at home in all countries. If we are ever to achieve this difficult objective, perhaps it would be easier if we tried to understand both "foreign" art and "foreign" ideas as they are, and the reasons for them, instead of always looking at them from the viewpoint of American tradition.

LOUISE CRAMER

Atlanta, Georgia

# The ROTARIAN

(Registered, U. S. Patent Office)

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE.

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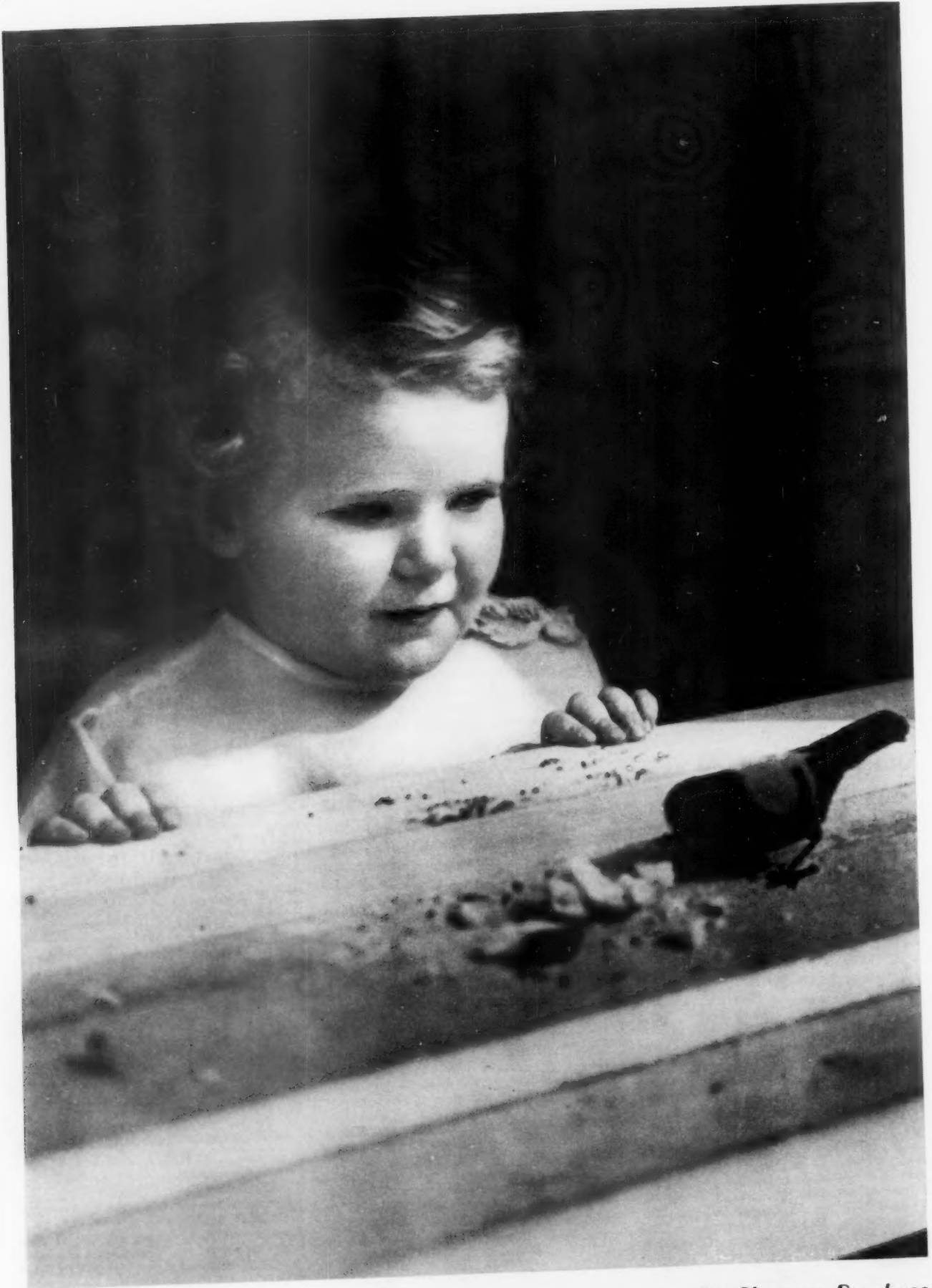
LELAND D. CASE: Editor  
PAUL TEETOR: Assistant to Editor  
HARVEY C. KENDALL:  
Business and Advertising Manager  
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'On My Window Sill' . . . . . By Clarence Purchase

# Brink-Quivering

By Strickland Gillilan

Author and Humorist

**I** AM perfectly happy. The stereotyped comparison for full happiness is "as happy as a clam at high tide."

Well, a healthy and especially optimistic clam at the bottom of the Bay of Fundy (where the tides run highest) is a "sour puss" compared to me.

To begin with, I have come thus far in life with no major calamities, such as a loss of courage or hope. I have very little money, no definite prospect of a whole lot of it—that is, no detailed prospect that really is definite. For the standard of past performance is the best-established and most universally used standard we have. And on that, I am going to have everything I need and reasonably desire. I cannot lose my faith without first having lost my memory and my power of appreciation.

I have reached a time of life when I am actually living some of the best of the philosophy I have theorized a great deal about. And quite a lot of it has stood the test.

But the immediate cause of my absolutely blissful and well-nigh ecstatic happiness is the prospect of a splendid connection that will definitely put me on Easy Street.

This connection may not materialize. It may go *fft!* as has many another equally glowing prospect for just such things as that. But I am now confidently anticipating it. And in that anticipation lies untrammelled, unalloyed joy.

There have been other times, I presume, when I was revelling in this same splendid glow of confident hope. The sources of these confident hopes have petered out, but each left behind the ability to hope again just as confidently, just as happily. In the meantime, I have eaten and drunk and worn and housed and had my friends about me—many of said friends having proved to me, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that there is unselfishness in the world. So I have been wealthy beyond the wildest dreams of the tightest-wadded avarice.

There used to be a great deal of debating in rural districts on this theme: "Resolved that there is more happiness in pursuit than in possession."

Had I been a debater, were I a debater now, I should have chosen and unhesitatingly *now* choose the affirmative side of this debate. For my enjoyment of the things that I have possessed has been such that my joy in anticipating equally fine or finer things can never grow dim.

I am a confirmed brink-quiverer. I am perpetually quivering on the brink of a whale of a big something that is going to come to me. The thing that is coming is usually the materialization of an ideal I have long held. It is (as it would be in the case of a man who has had to produce in order to live) in the nature of a job in which work would be congenial and pay generous.

Now a job that one has not yet taken has no defects

Confessions of a humble soul who holds to the proposition that in the pursuit of happiness are more satisfactions than in possessions.

whatever. It is perfect. Any gainful position not yet assumed looks lovely from the outside. It is from the inside of a job that one discovers the friction with other persons connected with the work, the conflicts of authority among martinets, the insufficiency of the pay when measured by the social obligations that go with the place and the pay—all these little things that ruin happiness and contentment come after the actual job is secured.

From the outside, which is the point from which the anticipator and brink-quiverer views it, there is not a blot on the 'scutcheon, not a fly in the ointment. So that is the time to enjoy it to the full—throttle wide open, brakes off.

I have learned to get my chief pleasure in life from anticipating some ideal situations. Let me once stop hoping and I'll do as others do who stop hoping—go off the deep end, stating truthfully, "Here goes nothing."

But I shall never lose the power to hope. It makes a heaven of earth. I even count so definitely upon quivering on brinks of great events of which I am to be the center and the beneficiary, that I know I am engaged in brink-quivering; do it consciously. I realize so fully just what I am doing, that I go so far as to carry a spare brink to quiver on. I know that some day the brink on which I am quivering may crumble and break away.

**I**T IS a way brinks have. I have had them crumble under me before. I have even been in the depths for a while after some particularly fruity brink has crumbled. But that was before I realized whence my realest joy came—from quivering on a brink. Now I am smarter and carry a spare brink to quiver on. If I see the one I am getting my sweetest joy out of start to give way, I step to the other one and start quivering anew; or merely continue uninterruptedly to quiver.

Any brink that claims to be a brink and yet denies that I ever quivered on it, may be looked upon with suspicion as to its being a genuine brink. If I haven't quivered on it, it is most likely a "phony."

However, this is a joy that one should not attempt to share. The outward evidences of your happiness should not be concealed. But the inward causes should be guarded as a guilty secret. Otherwise you will get the reputation of being a fliberty-gibbit, a Colonel Sellers; and constitute a standing triple-extract nuisance to your family and friends, who would soon cease sharing your exaltation over what would seem to them mere visionariness. Let them see, and share, and be infected with, your hopeful happiness; but don't tell them why.



*"My fellow passengers are fighting boredom. Two or three are asleep . . . two women are struggling with a puzzle."*

## Work Is Its Own Reward

By Channing Pollock

Author and Publicist

I'M WRITING THIS on a Sunday between New York and St. Louis. Since writing is my trade—or one of my trades—I suppose that, strictly speaking, I'm at work. And yet, walking through the train after breakfast in the diner, I wondered whether I'm not the only person here who's really enjoying himself.

Most of my fellow passengers are fighting boredom. Two or three are asleep, looking very uncomfortable, and a dozen others are compelling themselves to talk about nothing in particular. (I shall be paid for doing that tonight from a platform, and regard it as the least agreeable of the day's occupations.) A man across the aisle is reading "the funnies," without smiling, and two women are struggling with a crossword puzzle. I have a fondness for words, too, but it seems to me far more interesting, and less laborious, to fit them into sentences and stories and articles than into little squares.

As far as I can see, the only difference between work and play is the financial consideration. Whatever you're paid for doing, and must do, therefore, is work. Boys play baseball or football for sport, but I doubt whether many professional ballplayers find much pleasure in it. Everyone wants to travel except travelling salesmen. When I was a youngster, I used to hang around my father's newspaper office, begging for permission to write, but when I first drew a salary for doing it, writing became a job, and until I discovered that nothing else is so exciting and absorbing and productive of happiness as a job, I was as glad of my day off as the next man.

There are people, of course, who believe writing *isn't* labor, but any author can tell you they're wrong. As far as I know, authorship is the only job on which quitting whistles never blow. Any first-rate author is thinking, observing, planning his work in every waking hour.

Dwelling on the theme that wise and balanced labor, like a wisely balanced enjoyment of leisure, is an art that all might cultivate.

And, as I remarked one morning to a contractor who joked about my sinecure, "Since you built this room six months ago, I've written half a million words in it, and if you think that isn't work—quite apart from the mental effort involved—you just try copying them."

Other believers in the sinecure theory tell you that "Of course, *writing's* an interesting job." Any job's interesting if you put interest into it. There's a cabinetmaker who lives near me in the country, and with whom I have long arguments as to whether producing beautiful desks isn't more enthralling than producing literature. Before that, I learned something from a messenger boy who used to carry my manuscripts to the editors and bring them back. (I mean the manuscripts; not the editors.) The boy was so courteous and prompt and reliable that I recommended him for promotion, and, one evening, asked whether he had ever heard anything of my letter.

"Sure," the lad answered. "They promised me quite a raise, but, to get it, I had to be moved down to Wall Street, and I didn't want to do that. Up here, I carry your manuscripts, and Rex Beach's, and George Gershwin's. That kind of makes 'em *my* manuscripts, if you know what I mean. Every Sunday I look at the book section in the newspaper to see how Mr. Beach's new novel is selling. I took it down to the publisher's, so why *wouldn't* I want to know? It's the same way with your stuff and Mr. Gershwin's. I might get a couple o' dollars more a week in Wall Street, but the work wouldn't be interesting."

I never tightened bolts on an assembly line in an automobile factory—that might be deadly after a week or so—but most jobs seem to me fascinating. I want to be paid

for my work, because that's part of the game, and so is eating regularly, but I hope none of my employers ever discovers how likely I'd be to do the work anyway. I've published millions of words, and the day any magazine appears with a story of mine I still get up an hour earlier to rush to the newsstand, and carry the magazine home in triumph. Sometimes I don't even wait to get home. Sometimes I read it on the street corner.

At random, I'd state that the three happiest hours in my life were that in which a certain lady said "Yes," that in which I wrote the Lord's Prayer scene in *The Fool*, and that in which I contrived the parting at dawn in *The Enemy*. I can't remember any good job I ever did that didn't leave me thrilled, exultant, and almost hysterically happy. In our youth together, Paul Wiltach, biographer and historian, told me there are three stages of authorship: that in which a man wants his book published, and doesn't care whether he's paid or not; that in which he wants the book published, but wants to be paid; and that in which he wants to be paid, and doesn't give a darn whether anyone ever publishes the book. Paul was joking. There are only two stages of authorship—or of anything else: the stage in which you love the work for itself, and regard the money as a by-product, and the stage in which you oughtn't be doing it.

The unhappiest people I know are the idle people. I've seen them all over the world, chasing sunshine and currying favor with headwaiters. I've seen them at home, and at Algiers, and Palm Beach, and along the Riviera, planning silly little social diversions, worried sick over some fancied slight, petting their palates and stocking their wardrobes, trading scandals, nursing imaginary ills.

Even people with cultivated interests, cultural interests, soon weary of the monotony of idleness. I love taking a month or two off, and going to Paris or Port-au-Prince, but the satisfaction lies in the fact that this is a holiday, and that it will end. Once I spent seven months wandering around the world, and the pleasantest thing I saw was my desk when I got back. How many men do you know who were young and alert and well at 60 when they retired, and dull, crotchety old fellows a year afterward? Not necessarily men without interests, either. My best example is a professor of archaeology who yearned for quitting time so that he could spend his days in museums and what my little friend April Ours-

ler called "cities full of broken houses." He's in Abyssinia at this moment—and trying to get a job at a freshwater college in Iowa!

I never can understand why so many of us are actually afraid of work. Most of us nowadays seem to regard it as something of which we should do as little as possible for as much as possible. Motoring along highways, one sees men leaning on their picks or spades, loafing as busily as they can. Surely, their days must seem longer than those of their fellows who use spades as tools rather than props. Hundreds of thousands of us are banded together, crying in chorus for a 30-hour week. What do they expect to do with the other 138 hours? They can't sleep away more than 60 of 'em, and that leaves 78. They may have other plans, but, to me, 78 hours of doing nothing worth while seems the hardest work anyone can imagine. Seventy-eight hours in one week of getting drunk, or chasing a ball across meadows, or observing sex and sin in the movies, or reading newspapers and magazines, or doing all these things, would drive me to drugs and monoxide gas. I've spent most of my life trying to manage a 30-hour day, and if I haven't been happier than they'll ever be, I'm the lunatic who sat on a milk bottle and thought he was an equestrian statue of the Emperor Franz Joseph!

Nobody ever did anything well, or got anywhere, without joy in his job, and that is as true of little jobs as of

big ones. The colored porter on my train yesterday was at everyone's elbow, trying to discover new ways of being helpful. "I thank you, and hope to have you again," he said when I laid a dollar bill in his hand. It was a generous fee, because he had deserved it, but he told me, "Most folks are generous. I'm doing fine, and even if I wasn't, I'd like the job, because I like doing things for folks." The porter of the day before that was surly; maybe he had a sick stomach or a sick wife. Anyway, he did the least he could, where the other boy did the most, and when I left this first "dark servitor" on the railroad-station platform, he was making

rueful efforts to jingle coins that weren't there.

It's amazing how quickly you can tell the man who gets something beside wages out of his work from the man who doesn't, and how consistently both run true to form. When I noted the scowl on the face of that

Illustrations by  
Wallace Morgan



"Many of us are actually afraid of work. . . . Thousands of us are banded together crying for a 30-hour week."

first porter, I knew perfectly well my feet would stick through the bottom of the bed clothing that night—and they did. It's the taxi driver with the world against him who beats traffic lights and winds up in a smash, for which, of course, somebody else—almost *anybody* else—was responsible. Last Winter, with my journey half done, I got out of a taxi because I felt certain that driver would crash. Two or three blocks farther on, I found the cab on the sidewalk, with its chauffeur under arrest. No, I'm not clairvoyant; I merely knew that fellow resented his job.

It seems to me sometimes that America's greatest contribution to life was our conception of labor as something dignified and desirable for everyone. Abroad there had been a laboring class and a class that didn't labor; here we still speak of the laboring class, but the truth is that we have none other, and that the better a man's class and position and standing in the community, the harder he is likely to work. Out of that, as James Truslow Adams indicates in his thrilling book *The Epic of America*, came our progress, our prosperity, equal opportunity, and democracy itself. As Adams indicates, also, it is too bad, perhaps, that so many of us toiled to the exclusion of other good things, such as enjoyment of leisure and literature and art, but I should say that wise and balanced enjoyment of labor, like wise and balanced enjoyment of leisure, is an art. We can have neither progress nor prosperity, neither opportunity nor democracy, while any considerable number of us regard work as an enemy, but, what is more to the point of this little essay, we shall find our dignity equally lessened, and our self-respect, and our pleasure in living.

"Satan finds some evil still for idle hands to do," and, as helpers, uses emptiness and boredom. Robert Louis Stevenson, who said, "Make us happy and you make us good," said also, "I know what happiness is, for I have done good work." Of course, there is no happiness in the other kind, though, mercifully, we often mistake bad work for good while we're doing it. But when one perseveres, and bad work becomes good—that's the thrill that, luckily, comes more than once in a lifetime. There was a scene in *The Crowded Hour* that I rewrote nine times. Edgar Selwyn, my collaborator, didn't have to tell me the first eight versions were wrong, nor to ex-

claim, when I asked him whether the ninth was right, "You know damned well it's right!" So was everything else at that moment. The applause of the first-night audience was very definitely an anticlimax. Work is its own, but by no means its only, reward. Emerson spoke truly when he said, "Failure is endeavor, and endeavor, persisted in, is never failure." And J. M. Barrie was extremely profound when he promised to bequeath to the Authors' Club "The most precious possession I ever had—my joy in hard work."

There *are* dirty jobs, dull jobs, devastating jobs, but I think there can be few, even of these, that do not give *some* return outside of the pay envelope. It really must help to know that you're pulling your weight, doing your bit, and holding your place in the world—at least it must help the man whose vision hasn't been distorted. And the man who doesn't find the job too dull or too devastating isn't likely to be held to it very long. Almost every successful human being in America started in a dull job, and, so far as I can learn from reading biography, none of them found it dull, and none of them was wretched or resentful or ashamed. They were banking on themselves; playing a thrilling game; keeping one eye on the bolts, or the wastebaskets, and the other on the gold—not necessarily material gold—at the foot of the

rainbow. One of the friends I understand best was a day laborer on Long Island. In the 33 years I knew him, he became a kind of a field boss. At last he told *his* boss, "I'm 65, and I think I'll quit."

"Why, John," the owner said, "I thought *you* were the kind of man who dies with his boots on."

John looked ashamed of himself, and kept the job. A year later he had a stroke, and was taken to a hospital, where his life terminated three weeks afterward. Later, John's son told the owner of the business, "Of course Father went entirely cuckoo at the end."

"Nonsense! He was as sane as you are."

"You don't know," the boy answered. "Ten minutes before he died, the old

man put his finger on the bell and kept it there until the nurse came. Then he yelled, 'Quick, nurse, I want my boots on!' She put 'em on, and he died that way."

At 58 I've only about 50 years left to work, and I'm sorry about that. When my time comes to die, I hope, like John, to die with my boots on. . . . Meanwhile, here we are in St. Louis. I wonder whether the journey seemed as short to the ladies with the crossword puzzle.

*"One sees men leaning on  
picks or spades, loafing  
as busily as they can."*



*"It seemed silly to hoof it for three hours when you could go out in a taxi in 20 minutes. . . . Watergrass was the only one who walked."*



Illustrations by  
Gene Thornton

## Our Dinner Club and How It Died

By **Stephen Leacock**

*Educator, Author, and Humorist*

**A**S it is now definitely understood that our Dinner Club is dissolved, it is proper to let people know the circumstances of its dissolution. This all the more so, as already I begin to hear it mentioned with a sort of regret as "the old Dinner Club"—although the last meeting, the one of the Hungarian goulash, was only on Tuesday of last week. I remember that it was Tuesday because I was a little laid up on Wednesday.

Yet, in a way, it is only right to regret the ending of the club, as I never knew of anything that started off with greater enthusiasm, with greater what the French call *éclat*. The idea of it just came up one day in a sort of spontaneous way among a group of us who were sitting around smoking and talking in our club—I mean the regular city club to which we belong. The talk had been really worth while. Merrill, who is a really brilliant talker, had been speaking, I remember, of Mr. Roosevelt, making an analysis of him. And someone said that if you want to have really good conversation, the thing is to start a dinner club—you know, a club to meet every fortnight or so and hold a dinner and have brilliant conversation. This man said he'd once been a member of a club like that over in Edinburgh—he's Scotch, his name is Stewart, Cluny Macpherson Stewart, a Scotchman—and one night they'd discuss (I mean this club in Edinburgh), say, Greek architecture, or another night perhaps the Jacobite Rebellion of 1745, or another night, the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715. So hearing all that, we got

Relating the sad incidents which brought about the sudden demise of a plan to develop the art of conversation via the food route.

off to a really good start, with all of us talking at once.

Of course, everybody agreed that, with a dinner club, you have to hold it somewhere else than in your own regular club. That gives a sort of novelty to the evening and lets you take in other fellows who don't happen to be in your own club. It was agreed that men get stale if they just stick around with their own same crowd in their own same club, whereas a man in a dinner club gets what you might call mental friction.

Then one of the group, a man called Watergrass, a poetical sort of fellow, said that the idea was to have your dinner club meet at some place right away out in the suburbs, so that you could have a good bracing three-hour walk before you sat down. He said that a walk like that puts a man just in shape for brilliant talk. "Blows away the cobwebs" was his phrase, and he said that that season of the year—it was November when we began—was just right for walking. What you needed for real walking was rough weather, the rougher the better, wind and storm, so that you could turn up your coat collar, grip your stick, and just buffet right into it. He quoted the case of men like Tennyson and Longfellow, tremendous walkers, both of them. It appears that Tennyson, even to write just a small unimportant poem like "Break, break, break," would walk 40 miles as hard as he could go. I think Watergrass said 40. Any-

way he said that when Longfellow wrote about how he stood on the bridge at midnight, he actually went and stood on it. That, I gathered, was what gave him the idea of standing on it.

Well, of course, that part of the plan was instantly and eagerly adopted. All the more so as one of the men was able to tell us of a new eating place that had just been opened right outside the city limits ten miles away, an awfully artistic place called The Old Cow Stable. You see, it actually had been an old cow stable before, with heavy stone walls and a high peaked roof, and it had been done over inside and opened up as a sort of roadside restaurant, and somebody had hit on the clever idea of calling it The Old Cow Stable.

**B**UT the biggest idea, of all, the thing that gave the club real impetus, was the idea of having the bill of fare for the dinner utterly different each time to represent different kinds of national dinners. For instance, it was suggested right away that we could have a typical New England dinner, the thing the early settlers used to have when they had only one big pot over the fire to cook in, and put everything in together—or, as someone called it, a real old-fashioned New England dinner. Then Des Rois, who is French, said why not have a typical Marseille dinner like they eat in Marseille. And he told us about *bouillabaisse*, the great Marseille dish, along with *tripe à la mode de Caen*. He spelled them later for the committee. We generally spell Caen as Cannes, but anyway it is close to Marseille. Des Rois certainly got us going by telling about eating *bouillabaisse* and then driving out along the Corniche Road overlooking the Mediterranean. He said he would arrange a dinner that would take us right to Marseille. Then, of course, someone suggested a Mexican dinner, *chile con carne* with hot *tamales*, and a Bengal dinner with mangoes and curried duck, and, of course, the Hungarian goulash that we had last Tuesday.

We limited the club to a membership of 20—we had to or we'd have had all the city in—and invented for it the happy name of the Dinner Club, to mean that it was just a club for dining. Other names were suggested. One of the crowd, a man called Woodenbean, who lectures in Greek, wanted to give it a Greek name, *Hoi* something, *Hoi Pants* some-

thing. I can't quite get it, but he said it was a delightfully witty name. I am sure it was.

Looking back on the Dinner Club now that it is all over, upon my word I find it hard to see why it failed—or I won't say failed, I mean came to an end. I am inclined to think that it was a case of hard luck; so many little things went wrong. For instance, on the day we began—it was in November—the weather was all wrong. Just one of those quiet clear days with a blue sky, no snow, hardly a breath of wind, nothing to buffet. Some of us had met at the town club at 4 to walk out with heavy coats and big sticks, but it seemed silly to start out like that—still broad daylight in the middle of the afternoon—to hoof it for three hours when you could go out in a taxi in 20 minutes. So we just sat around the club and talked—mostly about Mr. Roosevelt—and then went out in a couple of taxis. We found that practically all the other members had come the same way, the weather being no good for walking, but they all had big rough coats on and carried thick heavy sticks, which gave the thing a kind of touch. Watergrass was the only one who walked. He had started early and he looked pretty tuckered out and fed up with being the only one.

So that was the start, not quite in the right key. And it made things a little worse when one of the members—it was Macpherson Stewart, who had never seen The Old Cow Stable before—as soon as he came in, said, "Phew!"—like that—"Phew!" Somebody said, "Well, Cluny, you can't expect to cook a New England dinner and not have a certain smell of the cooking."

But he said, "Oh, it's not the New England dinner! Oh, no, phew!"

Of course, the idea was ridiculous. The whole place had been renovated with a beautiful hardwood floor and an open fireplace. I admit that in the little partitioned-off place in the corner where we put our hats and coats, you might notice something, but not really anything. And for the matter of that over in Scotland I've been in places like Edinburgh castle and Carlyle's cottage that were something awful!

Anyway Macpherson, good old Macpherson Stewart, dropped out.

Still I think it was mistaken judgment to begin with a New England dinner. Those old colonial settlers, you've got to remember,

"I ate when  
I got home."



were a pretty tough lot, out of doors in the open air all day, and, of course, they'd never been really used to anything much. I hadn't realized before what it meant to cook all the stuff in one big pot; it all comes out, meat and cabbage and vegetables and bones, in one great wet *flop*! I thought of stuff I'd read about, Indian dog feasts, for instance, and I couldn't eat it. That was all about it. I couldn't.

Still I don't mean the evening was so bad. All the 20 members were on hand and there was such a lot of initial enthusiasm it was bound to carry the thing through. Watergrass kept dozing off to sleep from having walked out to the place, and Stewart, of course, was peeved, but on the whole it went pretty well. The conversation was good, but not quite of the kind that I'd been expecting. There wasn't any architecture or archeology stuff. We talked mostly about Mr. Roosevelt. Merrill made an analysis of him. We broke up about 10:30, with pretty good feeling all round and with everybody promising to be on deck two weeks later for the Marseille dinner Des Rois was to arrange.

**T**HAT, I will admit straight out, was a mistake—that *bouillabaisse* stuff. I don't say the Marseille people don't eat it. They're fishermen and they're in sea air all the time and in sea air you can eat anything. But that stuff! Did you ever see it? And the thing after it called *tripe à la mode de Caen*—it's French and means canned tripe—of all the ghastly looking messes! Taste? I've no notion, I couldn't touch it. One rather mean thing was that Des Rois himself didn't eat it. He'd ordered an English mutton chop. I had some cheese all full of holes and some figs, but of course I'm not kicking at that; I ate when I got home. The talk, though, was really good. Merrill got talking of Mr. Roosevelt and made an analysis of him—a new one, it was two weeks since the other one—and that led us to talk of a wide range of things like the New Deal and Mr. Roosevelt. In fact, we ranged all over the place.

One thing, though, bothered us, which we hadn't noticed so much the first night—the seats. You see, they had no backs to them. The Old Cow Stable is all done up artistically with long narrow tables of heavy old wood, the kind the monks used to eat at in the place called, what was it, the Refractory, or something? With tables like that the seats have to be just long heavy benches



"One thing bothered us . . . the seats. They had no backs."

with no backs. Anything else would be hopelessly inartistic. But you sit on that thing for two hours and a half and you'll see where you are. With monks it was different. They were looking for it. But we weren't. So that meant we broke up about 9:15, and as a matter of fact, three or four of the men—I mean apart from Watergrass and Cluny Stewart—hadn't turned up at all.

But the next meeting wasn't so bad. That Mexican stuff, if you only take a little of it, is good. A little of that hot *chile tabasco* stuff on a little edge of bread is all right. I guess the Mexicans eat it, all right. But you see, at a dinner club you don't really need

much to eat, that is not the idea; it's a way of bringing fellows together and then they can go and get something to eat elsewhere later.

So we just sat around a while and had smokes and dipped chits of toast in the *chile con carne*. The talk was all right, too. We were discussing Mr. Roosevelt, and some of the fellows were saying that he really represented a sort of force. . . . We broke up at 8:30 and got back into town in time for a bite at the club, just a snack of cold lobster or something. But I was sorry to see that there were only 13 present, and even at that several fellows offered to drop out so as to break the hoodoo of 13. In fact, three went.

The Hungarian dinner was the last, so there's no use in getting mad about it. Say! that stuff, that goulash, is just about poison! And anyway how can you eat it—I mean men of our age, we're all around 40 to 50—if you're not getting any exercise? You *can't* eat! I just hated the idea as I felt that Hungarian dinner getting nearer, that goulash I mean! You don't know how the notion gets you when you belong to a dinner club that you've got to eat! Eat? Who wants to eat? I heard after, though I didn't know it at the time, that one or two members were knocked right out, knocked flat, after that goulash!

Anyway, the goulash dinner ended it! We all knew it at the time. One of the members who had been in India and knew a cousin of Kipling's was supposed to be getting up a Bengal dinner, curried duck with mangoes. But he says he can't get any mangoes. That's all right. We understand. The club is over.

And yet, isn't human nature queer! Within a few months or a year they'll be calling it the "good old Dinner Club" and talking about the dinners of *chile con carne* and *bouillabaisse* with all the wonderful and stimulating talk about Mr. Roosevelt.



## Our Changing Main Streets

By Earnest Elmo Calkins

*Advertising Man and Author*

**T**HE average American city was laid out by chance, with no thought of future appearance or convenience, the most haphazard of human creations. A pioneer settlement—and within 300 years all our cities were pioneer settlements—grew up around some nucleus, crossroad, trading post, ferry, to which settlers gravitated naturally and there caught and clung. The town spread from the center outward, the red-brick core of business pushing the houses farther into the country.

Neighborhood stores sprang up, little Main Streets, and spread, until we have large cities that are merely aggregates of small towns. Thus a city is divided into two portions, one for living and one for making a living. It sleeps in the outlying district and works "downtown" in the business district. Such is the physical geography of the average town. Its biology, inward history, is more complicated and exciting.

These Main Streets look alike because they had a similar history, the progress from pioneer village with one general store to modern city with row on row of business blocks, brought into existence by our increasing wants and needs. The pioneer village was sturdy, independent, self-sufficient. The modern city is a helpless digit in a stupendous national organization, almost paralyzed when its umbilical cord is cut by catastrophe—fire, flood, snow, or earthquake.

The evolution of what for brevity's sake we shall call "Main Street," meaning the business centers of towns, is an illuminating page in our social and economic his-

The first half of a richly detailed study wherein the writer reads the history of America's economy on the red fronts of its city retail stores.



tory. The Main Street you see today did not and could not exist 100 years ago. What we consider necessities were not then even luxuries, not yet conceived. In 100 years, more or less according to whether we look first at New Haven, Connecticut; Peoria, Illinois; or Los Angeles, California, Main Street has been made and remade, changing its stores, its merchandise, and its business methods to keep pace with invention and discovery, transportation and distribution, losing its splendid isolation as it merged deeper into the national stream. The economic history of the United States is written on the red fronts of its city and village retail stores as legibly as its geologic history is scratched on the rocks far beneath the earth's crust.

The pioneer period was in some respects the richest in human values. It was destitute of comfort and full of toil, but it produced men more resourceful and self-helpful than the softer times that followed. The motive that sent them West in increasing streams was land hunger, the urge for betterment. To attain that they were capable of great sacrifice. It took courage to go so far

from an ordered civilization when no better transportation was known than water and wagons, for whether they knew it or not, their whole vision depended upon transportation. They adjusted themselves to the demands of primitive living with the ingenuity and adaptability of a Swiss Family Robinson on its desert island, and worked and waited for civilization to overtake them.

Their homes were one-room log cabins, furnished with boxes, barrels, and homemade furniture, with a few heirlooms—the antiques of today—brought in the holds of ships or in covered wagons. Each home was a little factory covering almost the entire range of human needs: shelter, food, and clothing. Each was equipped with at least some of the quaint tools of domestic production, now to be seen only in museums—smokehouse, rendering kettle, salt tub, leach barrel, candle mold, carding comb, spinning wheel, loom, dye vat, quilting frame,

services were absolutely essential. Not only was the pioneer village almost self-maintained, deriving but little of what it needed from without its borders, but each household in that village was almost self-maintained, deriving but little of what it needed from the general store, the shop, and the mills. The magic formulas of creating new wants and then supplying them, by which the nation made itself prosperous, had not yet been discovered.

Such is the picture of the typical pioneer community, varied, of course, according to whether the local industry was farming, fishing, logging, trapping, or mining. Some communities were religious and spent their Sundays in worship and prayer. Others were worldly, with rough games and sports, rail splittings, wrestlings, and gander pullings. There were mining towns with saloons, gambling hells, and brothels; river towns with their picturesque floating population; Utopias, political, educational, or religious, such as New Harmony, Bishop Hill, Lebanon, and Nauvoo, but business history, the transformation of Main Street, followed a similar course in them all.

All our Main Streets stemmed from village store, blacksmith shop, gristmill, and sawmill. The store was the ancestor of retail trade, the shops and mills forerunners of foundries and factories, of United States Steel and International Harvester. A thousand big businesses



Photos: Brown Bros.

*Frame buildings walled in most American main streets in 1869 when the photo of Leadville, Colorado (page 14), was taken, but at the turn of the century—when Houlton, Maine, looked like this (left)—the business district was fast becoming "a red-brick core." . . . (Below) A frontier haberdashery catering to "sourdoughs."*

bullet mold, cheese press, churn—and many possessed and employed them all.

The general store carried only such goods as the settlers could not raise or make—nails, drugs, pots and pans, salt, a few bolts of cloth, crockery, tools, liquor. The store was the focus of village life, its marketplace, post office, chamber of commerce, bank, newspaper, and social club. It was a homely human spot, filling a large place in the life of the town, to which all repaired at least once a day. Around its hospitable stove the men gathered, swapped yarns, discussed topics of the community, and called each other by familiar names—the germ of Rotary perhaps. The store gave credit for whatever was raised—grain, pork, furs, hides, sorghum, broomcorn, flax, honey—and gave goods in exchange. No money was needed. A system of barter prevailed. The proprietor gave long credit, charged a good profit, and usually became rich.

Next in importance were the blacksmith shop—vital in a community whose motive power was horses and oxen—the sawmill, and the gristmill, but not even these



had roots in village industries. The American Bank Note Company began when Paul Revere engraved greenbacks for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Among the primitive businessmen struggling to create a civilization on virgin prairie were the Cyrus McCormicks, John Deeres, Marshall Fields, Eli Whitney's, Philip Armour's, and Henry Fords of the next generation.

No sooner had the community set up what might be called the minimum of shop and store needed for mere existence than Main Street began to grow and change. The demands of the main job left too little time for the household industries with which each family began, and they were gradually transferred to artisans and tradesmen, and buildings in which to perform them were added to the lengthening facade of Main Street.

The pioneer was jack-of-all-trades. He could and did slaughter his own cattle, cure the meat, tan the hides, try out the lard and suet, and make shoes, candles, harness, and soap. He ground his own grain, shod his own horses, felled trees, and built houses and made furniture. His wife spun wool, linen, or cotton, and made garments, including hats, for the whole family. The first pattern put out by Ebenezer Butterick, founder of the greatest home-dressmaking movement in the world, was for a man's shirt.

In the second stage, these jobs and other household skills passed to specialists, men who practiced one trade—butchers, tanners, cobblers, saddlers, blacksmiths, coopers, millers, masons, carpenters, cabinetmakers, spinners, weavers, tailors, dressmakers, hatters—not factories, but village industries, one-man shops, selling their products or services to their fellow citizens.

In the third stage, these trades gravitated to larger factories or mills, with a proprietor and workmen, capital and labor, the proprietor owning the tools of production. The one-man industries became retail stores, selling goods

made elsewhere instead of by their own workmanship. With power and machinery, factories became larger and fewer and sold wider territories, and were connected with Main Street by drummers. Villages became less and less self-supporting and bought more goods made elsewhere.

The major agent in this shift of small trades to large factories was transportation. Until the advent of the railroad, goods travelled long roundabout routes by water and were hauled overland from the nearest landing, often taking six months or a year. Railroads pointed the way to mass production and national distribution.

**T**HUS Main Street became a row of retail stores, with only such industries and services as must be performed on the spot, blacksmithing, barbering, printing, carpentry, and masonry. The facade was mostly brick, two and sometimes three stories.

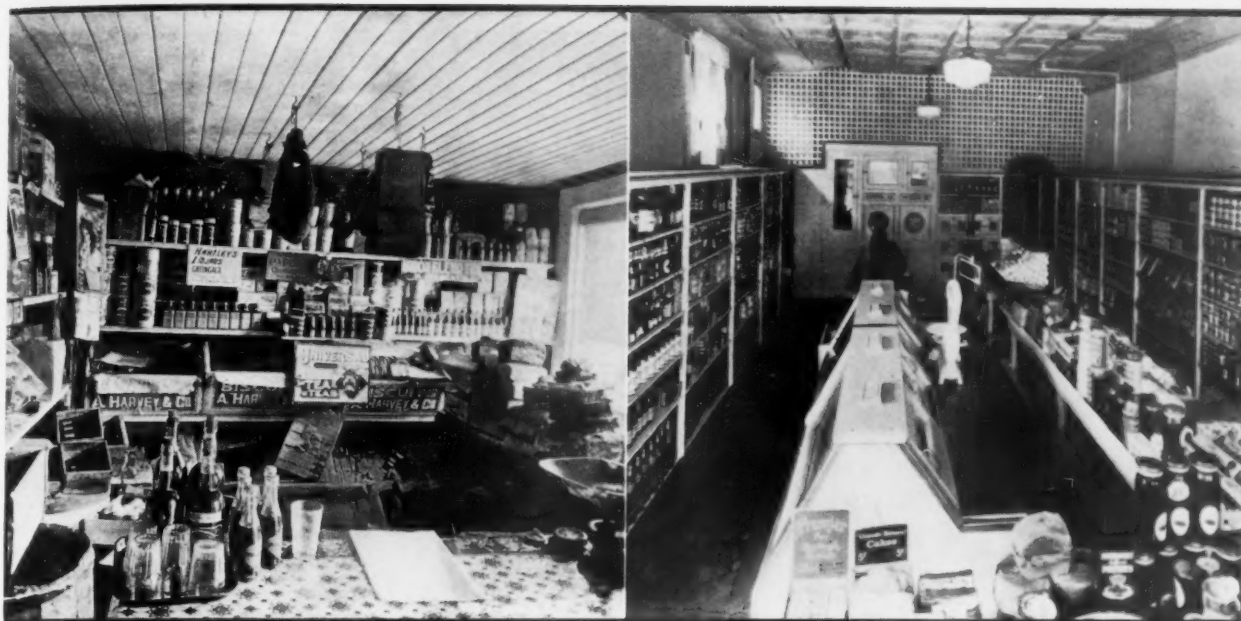
New goods appeared in the old stores, and new stores were built to supply the demand for new kinds of goods. Ready-made clothing for men and factory-made boots got their start from the need to equip Civil War soldiers. New fabrics began to unroll from the looms set in motion by water power in New England and Philadelphia for the home dressmaker and tailor. The sewing machine and the piano celebrated the dawn of a new era, less work and more play. The sewing machine was the file leader of a long line of ingenious laborsaving devices that took the drudgery from housework and released woman for higher things. The piano was the first merchandise intended solely for entertainment, a field that bulks so largely in business today, with shops selling phonographs, radios, sporting goods, grown-up toys, and games.

Even more revolutionary were the new kinds of goods. Stone walls, zigzag rail fences, and osage orange hedges

*At the drugstore where once you stocked your medicine shelf, you may now stock your stomach, even your library.*

Photo: (left) Brown Bros.





Photos: Keystone View

*No Main Street institution has changed more than the grocery store—this to the credit of package and fixture makers.*

were displaced by barbed wire. Candles and whale-oil lamps gave way to coal oil. Heating and cook stoves drove out the fireplace until its return in our day as a sentimental furnishing of the modern home. The cabinet-maker originally made coffins to measure. When he became the furniture dealer, he retained the undertaking perquisite and bought his "caskets" from a factory, until he in turn was displaced by the "mortician" and his "funeral home." Ingrain and Brussels put an end to rag carpets; blankets and factory-made comfortables dispensed with the quilting bee. Rubber boots and rubbers did away with the Saturday-night greasing of boots, and rubber tires for buggies paved the way for our gigantic auto-tire industry. Each innovation changed the stocks for sale and added stores not before known to Main Street.

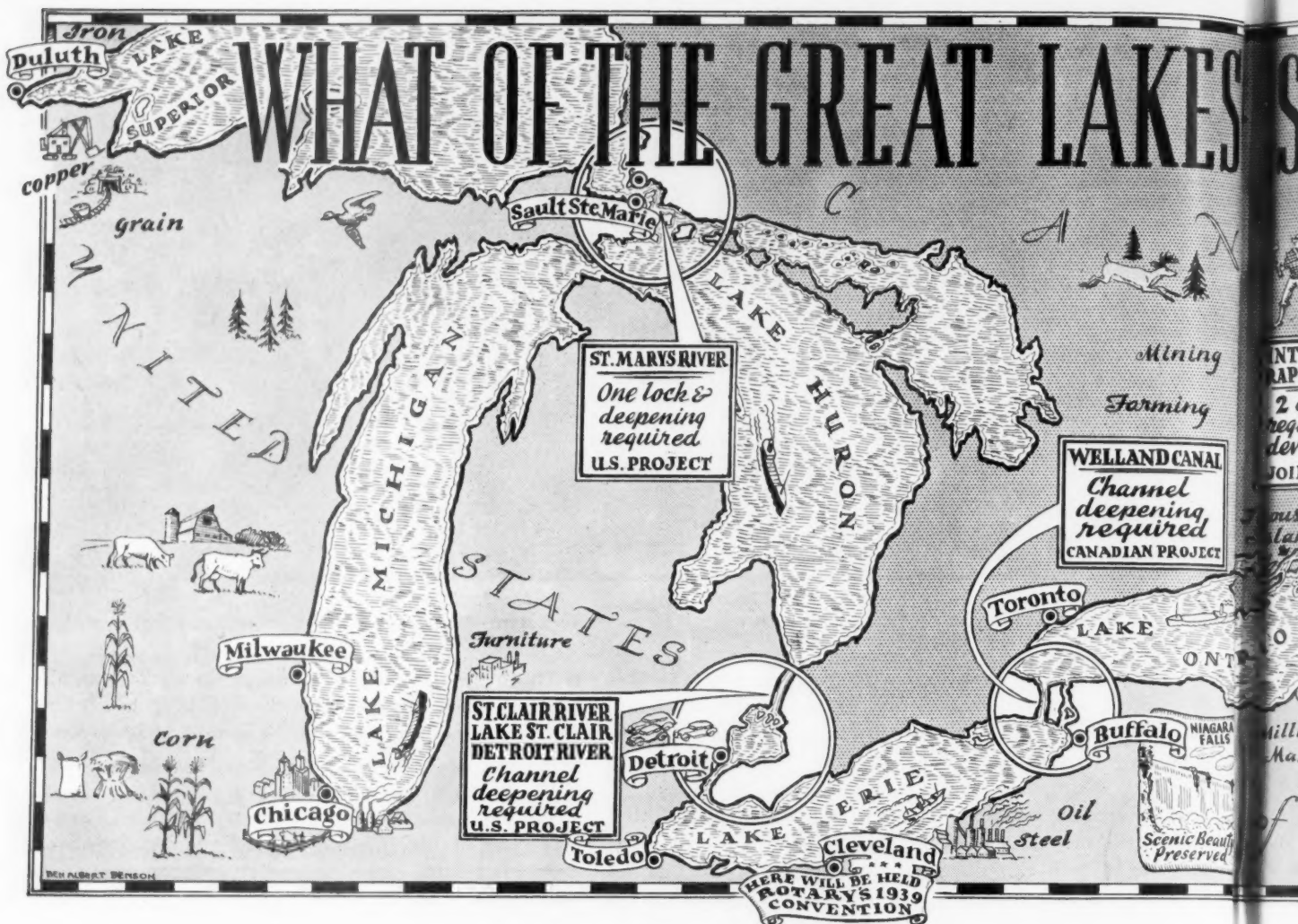
Thus we see gradually emerging the Main Street the country knew from the end of the Civil War until the end of the century. Its focus was the public square—the only open spot our forefathers provided—unpaved, dusty in dry weather, knee-deep with mud in wet, with its bandstand, liberty pole, hay scales, and town pump with its trough for watering farmers' teams. Here also might stand the courthouse, or a hideous soldiers' monument. The sidewalks were wood, sheltered from the burning prairie sun by wooden awnings, and flanked by rows of rails for hitching. Here stood the general store, still holding its own against the rapidly increasing single-line businesses, the church, academy, hotel, and a theater camouflaged as "opera house."

Up or down Main Street from the square straggled the newer stores to the red-painted pine depot—dry goods, flour and feed, livery stable, saloon, hats and caps, boots and shoes, the "Plunder Store"—plunder was early American for one's belongings—the "One-Price Clothier," the "99-Cent Store," barber, tobacconist, daguerreotypist, music store, lumberyard, crockery, hardware, drugs, gro-

cer, butcher—all selling extensions of the stocks originally sold only in the general store, the seed from which they sprang. For two generations the growth of Main Street was to be merely more stores of these same kinds, until a flood of new ideas upset the entire pattern.

The biggest shift of household skills from home to shop was in the preparation of food. As intimated, everything eaten, except salt and a few spices, was raised and processed by the settler and his wife. Each family killed its own beef, mutton, pork, and poultry, salted, smoked, or dried it to keep, for there was no refrigeration other than the cellar and the springhouse. Next this was done at the local slaughterhouse and the meat supplied to the butcher shop. The Armours and Swifts gathered the meat industry into their packing houses, and wholesale dressed-beef warehouses supplied the local meat markets. Today meat, fish, vegetables, and fruits are frozen and packaged and sold in chain groceries and food shops. Bread has been almost abandoned to the chains—they make it better than mother—and the loaves neatly sliced—also better than mother could do it—in cellophane wrappings are grocery items.

**T**HE old-time grocery store, with its characteristic odors, its blissful ignorance of sanitation, was an institution. It was a long narrow room, with counters on both sides; behind the counters wooden bins; in the bins tea, coffee, dried peaches, beans, rice, dried peas, cornmeal, flour, prunes, oatmeal, dried apples—everything sold in bulk. In back were the barrel stove, unofficial community center, and the high-shouldered desk where the grocer kept his accounts. On the shelves were the few packaged goods of an earlier day, soda familiarly known as "saleratus," chocolate, and a few canned goods with fancy names and of unknown origin. Housewives scorned them as emergency rations to [Continued on page 60]



## Complete It—

*To Reduce Shipping Costs*

**Says Hanford MacNider**

*Former United States Minister to Canada*

**M**ID-CONTINENTAL North America suffers from hardening of its transportation arteries. All other major sections of the United States and Canada ship their products to world markets in ocean-going vessels. The land-locked interior cannot; it first must transport its goods by rail, truck, or barge to domestic seaports, there to be reshipped abroad. Thus handicapped, its farms and factories operate at a tremendous—and unfair—disadvantage.

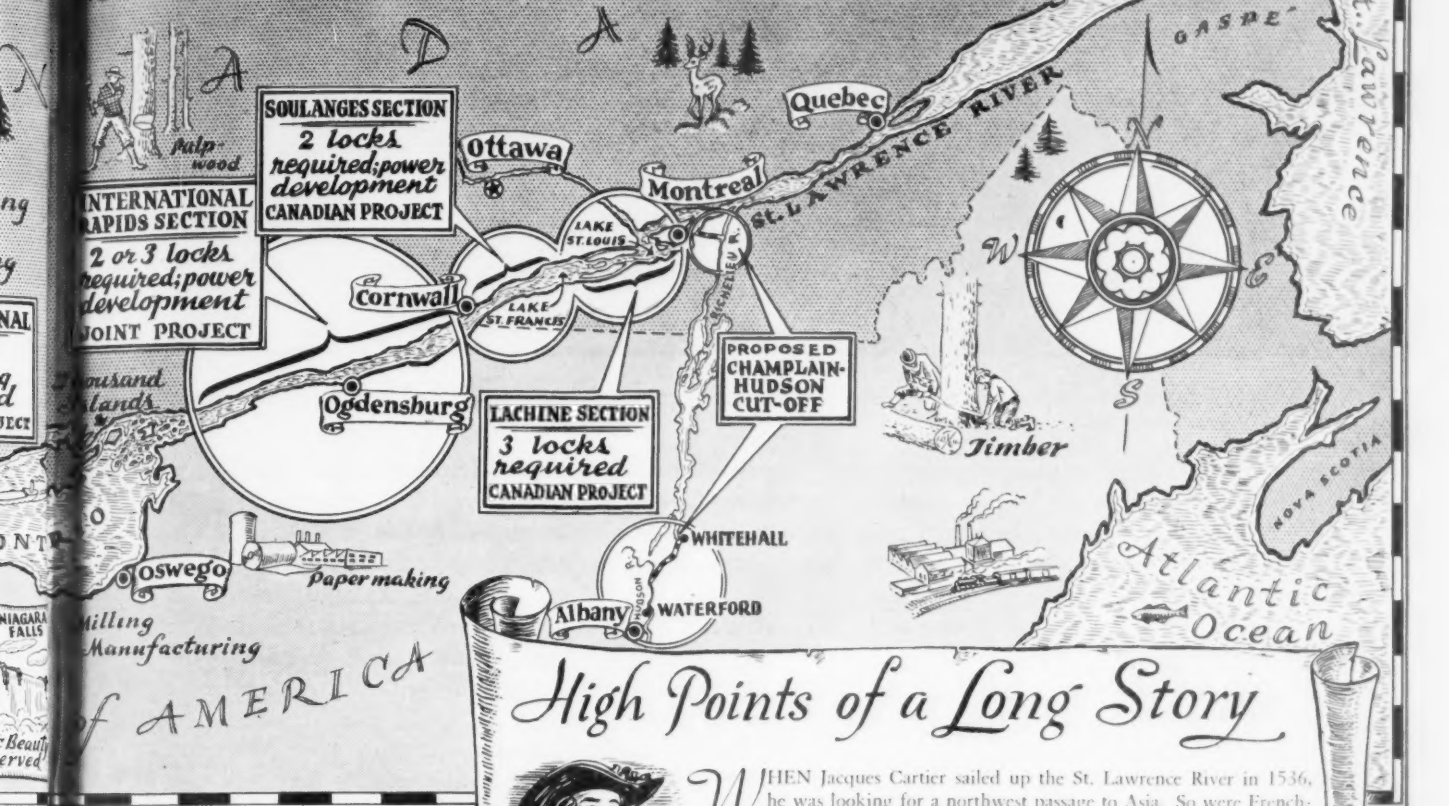
Look at a map of North America. The East has the Atlantic; the West, the Pacific; the South, the Gulf of Mexico. When the Panama Canal was built, water transportation—the cheapest transportation—brought these regions closer together, but it virtually marooned the interior and its 42 million people. If the United States

and Canada are to have coordinated systems of transportation equal to the needs of peace and the emergencies of war, this inland region must be able to distribute its goods as economically as the others.

What, then, could be economically more desirable than to complete the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway, thereby saving, according to the United States War Department's corps of engineers, as much as \$78,893,000 annually? Here is a great natural water route—more than 90 percent of it now ready for use—extending 2,687 miles from Duluth, Minnesota, to the Atlantic Ocean. By constructing eight or nine locks, deepening connecting channels, and developing incidental power, the United States alone will extend its coastline 25 percent and enable 88 percent of the ships now entering its seaports to go directly to more than two dozen Great Lakes cities.

The United States needs better transportation today just as it did during the World War, when the Federal Government had to take over the railroads to prevent their breakdown. Aware of this need for better transportation, Presidents Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hoover, Coolidge, and Harding have advocated completion of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway. Theodore Roosevelt in 1907 urged greater use of waterways, as also did the Windom Committee of the United States Senate in 1872.

# ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY?



## High Points of a Long Story



WHEN Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence River in 1536, he was looking for a northwest passage to Asia. So were Frenchmen who explored the Great Lakes basin later. Today men talk of another route—one to accommodate ocean-going vessels plying between mid-continent and world markets.

Two such routes have been proposed, the first with the St. Lawrence River as its outlet, and the second with the Hudson River and connecting canals as the link with the Atlantic Ocean. "Dredge channels and build locks to complete the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway," declare advocates of the first plan, asserting that the sale of power developed will reduce operation costs. "Construct the waterway in territory wholly within the United States," demand proponents of the second plan, and insist that their project is the more practical one of the two.

Public attention was focussed on the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway last December when President Roosevelt urged that the United States and Canada take steps to complete it as soon as possible. Opposition to this project comes not only from those who prefer the all-American route, but also from those who say neither route is economically justifiable. Charging official estimates that the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway will cost 543½ million dollars and the all-American route 631 million dollars are too low, they deny they are desirable for either improvement in transportation or development of power. Here, in the symposium-of-the-month, are presented significant arguments representing varied points of view.—THE EDITORS.



Free, open, and equal use of boundary waters for navigation was stipulated in treaties between the adjoining countries in 1871 and 1854. When Americans built their first boat on the Great Lakes in 1797, they recognized the possibilities of this great waterway. So did the Canadians when they began to improve it as early as 1783.

Funds to complete this project will be appropriated when the United States and Canada come to a final understanding on plans for construction and the distribution of costs. To hasten action, Secretary of State Cordell Hull in a message to the Canadian Government in May, 1938, proposed a treaty envisaging completion of the seaway. He proposed that the United States begin work in the International Rapids section immediately, incidentally providing employment for thousands of men. Canada, he suggested, could proceed more slowly in the Soulages

Rapids section and Lachine Rapids section to allow time for its power market to absorb additional power. Through an international commission, upon which the two national Governments will be represented equally, provisions will be made for the development of the entire Great Lakes-St. Lawrence, including immediate action to preserve the scenic beauty and to conserve the power of Niagara Falls.

How much will it cost to give the land-locked interior

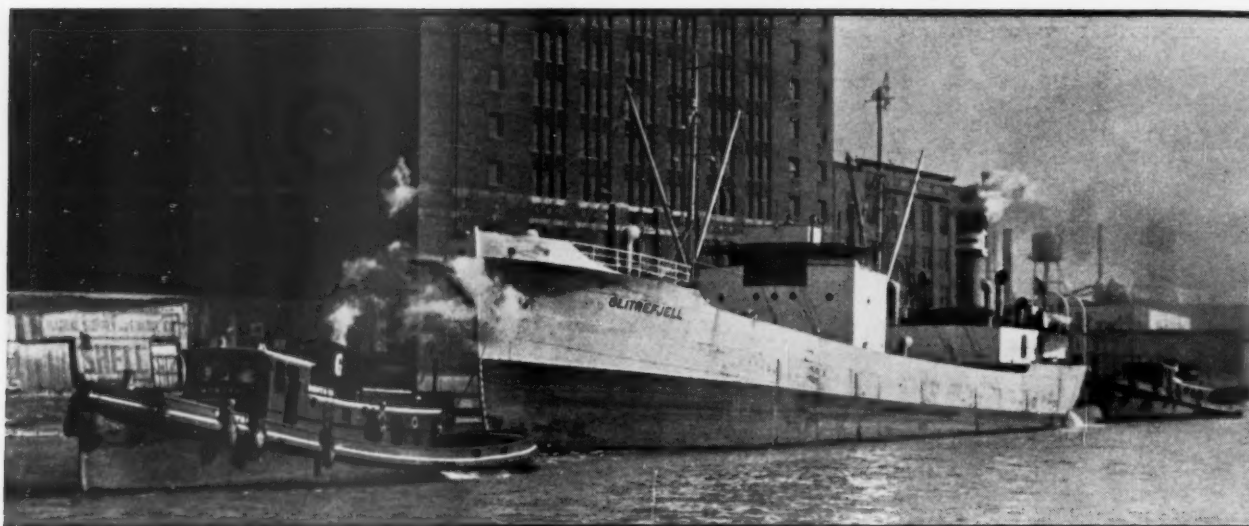


Photo: Century

*Completion of a seaway, say its proponents, will increase commerce between inland "ports" and markets of the world.*

transportation facilities equal to those of other regions? The total cost of completing the seaway would be approximately \$543,439,000, according to official estimates. The United States would pay slightly more than one-half of this amount, including that put up by the New York State Power Authority, which will own and operate American power plants in the International Rapids section. Because of the deductions that would be made for the sale of power, the cost of maintaining the seaway should not exceed 10 million dollars.

Complete the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway, and the United States and Canada will have a permanent investment that will pay dividends of 80 million dollars yearly! That isn't chicken feed to farm and factory owners in the interior; it is the saving they will make on an export tonnage of 7,471,000 and an import tonnage of 5,742,333. Within a decade the project will pay out.

Water transportation of cheap, bulky, or heavy goods is cheaper; there's no doubt of that. It isn't necessary to purchase or maintain a costly right of way or to increase expenditures for a double-track system. Nor is floating equipment so expensive to build or to keep up as rolling stock. Costly loading, warehousing, and reloading with inevitable losses through delays, shrinkage, and waste will be eliminated.

**T**HERE are facts to prove this. Although this waterway at present cannot accommodate boats with more than a draft of 14 feet, length of 250 feet, and width of 43 feet, it is an important trade route. For the calendar year 1937 the water-borne commerce of the Great Lakes alone had a tonnage of 161,094,749, a value of \$2,019,546,910, and was carried 93,243,674,000 ton-miles, or an average haul of 579 miles for each ton transported. Annually four times as great a tonnage passes through the Detroit River as through the Panama Canal.

Picture the commerce from the interior to the Atlantic when the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway is completed! Ships with a draft of 27 feet, length of 820 feet,

and width of 80 feet will be accommodated. The distance from Duluth to Liverpool by this all-water route is 558 miles less than by rail-and-water; from Chicago to Gibraltar, 249 miles less; from Cleveland to Copenhagen, 952 miles less. Eventually North American trade with Asia and South America may make construction of the proposed St. Lawrence-Hudson cut-off desirable to reduce the distance to seaports of the Southern Hemisphere and Orient.

North America's farmers will enjoy more prosperous days when this seaway is finished, for they will save from 3 to 10 cents a bushel in transporting their wheat to world markets. The United States and Canada raise one-fourth of the world's wheat and, despite unsettled economic conditions in 1937, exported 95 million and 65 million bushels, respectively, in that year. Similar savings may be expected in shipping other grains.

Manufacturers likewise will profit greatly, for savings on the exportation and importation of many commodities will range from 15 to 25 percent. Conservative estimates indicate that a saving of at least 10 percent will be made in transporting automobiles from Detroit to foreign seaports. These savings are enough to keep industries in this region out of the red, and that means economic security not only to thousands of employers, but also to millions of employees.

Americans and Canadians in the mid-continent will not be the only people to benefit directly by the completion of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway, for cheaper power will be made available to all New York and New England and also to Ontario and Quebec. In the International Rapids section, the two Governments will undertake what ex-President Hoover described as "the greatest possible power development upon the continents," reporting that "engineers indicate that the capital outlay per horsepower is less than most of the hydroelectric installations now in progress in the United States." President Roosevelt has if anything been even more enthusiastic in his support of this project.

Construction of a single dam, most of it within American territory, will make it possible to generate as much as 2,200,000 horsepower to be divided equally between the Power Authority of the State of New York and the Province of Ontario. The average annual output would be 5,700,000,000, making such a development the largest power project in the world.

The United States and Canada have forged ahead politically and economically because their citizens have always moved on and never stood still. They have always accepted challenges which other peoples might have described as impossible of achievement. The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence seaway is such a challenge—an opportunity to open up the mid-continent of North America to world trade. Nature already has done most of the work of building that seaway; let's finish the job!

## If a Seaway—

*Use the All-American Route\**

**Urges Frank L. Bolton**

*President, New York State Waterways Association*

**W**HEN the "Great Boom" signalled the opening of the Erie Canal in 1825, the Great Lakes region was provided with a water route to the sea. "Clinton's Ditch," built by New York State, was then only four feet deep, but it gave the impetus to trade and commerce needed to start an era of progress in the United States. Growing with the country, and aiding that growth, the Erie Canal was kept abreast of the times by successive enlargements, until today the New York State Barge Canal, now 14 feet deep, carries powerful motor ships of 2,500-ton capacity, handles some 5 million tons of freight annually, placing it high in the list of the most extensively utilized waterways in the world.

During this period of growth, railroad lines developed land routes, roughly parallel, linking Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other Eastern ports with inland sections around the Great Lakes. Ports, docks, terminals, mines, and industries located and developed on these East-West trade routes, and in these are deeply rooted the wealth, savings, investments, and employment of the people of the nation.

Now, after more than a century of progress within our borders, we are asked to give these up; to pass our trade through a new route most of which is in another country. Does it make commonsense, I submit, voluntarily to turn over

such wealth to a new route—the St. Lawrence waterway—1,000 miles of which is entirely in territory of another nation, especially when there is at hand a superior route in all-American territory? I think not.

If an impartial economic survey (which has never been made) were to show the need of any seaway, and were to indicate that the present Barge Canal, which now furnishes cheap water transportation and operates at only 30 percent of capacity, is inadequate, and that the finances of the United States permit further expenditures of hundreds of millions at this time, and that the plight of the now hard-pressed railroads can be improved by other means, then only should we build a seaway—and then it should be built through the superior all-American route. For my part, I do not think that such a time has come, though an impartial survey might show differently. And the Great Lakes region has heretofore grown and prospered with present facilities.

We already have a good start on the all-American route. It is completed from New York City to the port of Albany, 150 miles up the deeper Hudson. The remaining distance to Lake Ontario along the line of the present Barge Canal from Albany to Oswego is less than 200 miles, and a short canal around Niagara Falls on the American side and the deepening of the connecting channels of the Great Lakes would complete it.

A glance at the map will reveal the superiority of the all-American route. From the Great Lakes to New York City by this route is 1,300 miles shorter than by way of the St. Lawrence. Where are these markets for agricultural and industrial products referred to by the proponents of the St. Lawrence waterway? The best markets are those in our own country, whose Atlantic, Gulf, and Pacific Coast ports are 1,000 miles nearer to the mid-continent by way of the all-American route than the St. Lawrence route. Furthermore, the all-American route points and trends southward toward Latin American countries, where lie great opportunities for trade.

Not only is the all-American route shorter by 1,000

\* Author uses "All-American" synonymously with "All-United States."

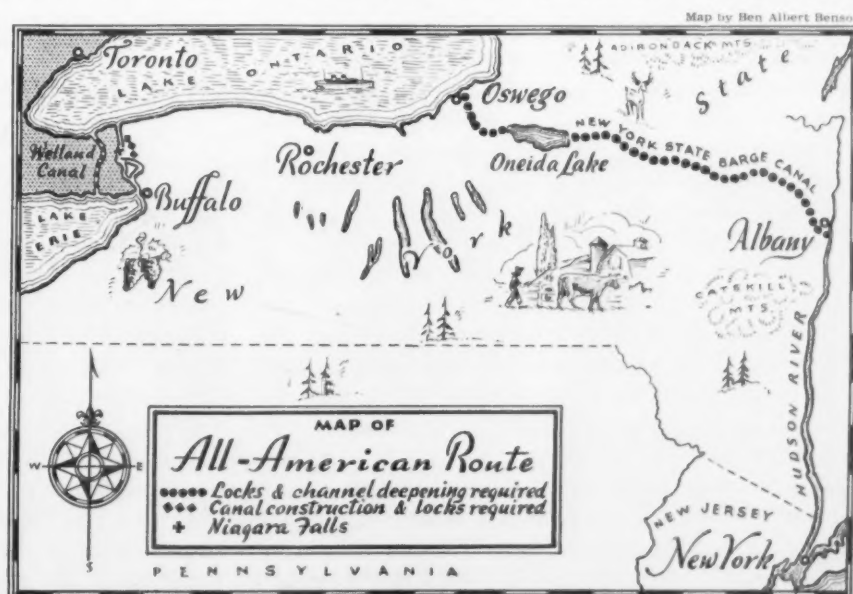




Photo: Kaufmann-Fabry

*The St. Lawrence seaway would reduce commerce through New York City, the all-American route increase it.*

miles to undeveloped world and domestic markets, but it is as well the safer route. Practical shipping men, like Cornelius H. Callaghan, manager of the Maritime Association of the Port of New York, have repeatedly pointed out the dangers and extraordinary risks involved in navigating the proposed St. Lawrence waterway. Navigation on the Hudson and connecting waters has a longer period of open-water conditions and is safer and freer from fogs, ice, and similar hazards encountered in the "graveyard of the Atlantic."

Let us note also the unfortunate fact that nations are not always at peace. I am not an alarmist, nor am I given to shadow boxing every time I hear a sword rattle. Nevertheless, the crises through which some nations have been passing have compelled pacific-minded Americans—believers in international goodwill and understanding—to give more thought to national defense.

I am not suggesting that the United States and Canada could not own and operate the St. Lawrence seaway jointly without friction. What I am emphasizing is the fact that were either nation involved in war, the nation thus embroiled would need a waterway over which it had complete control. This undivided authority would be highly essential in order to coördinate transportation activities involving movement of troops, equipment, and supplies with the speed required in modern warfare. Naturally, the all-American route would be much more satisfactory for the United States under these conditions.

So far I have discussed the superiority of the all-American route as a means of transportation. Let me say frankly that it is not a power project—a thinly disguised experiment which would put the United States Government into the business of generating, selling, and distributing electric energy—as is the St. Lawrence project. We do not need a public power project in Northeastern United States to compete with private business.

Now it takes no legerdemain to conclude that the shorter and safer waterway, the all-American route, is economically more desirable. It would save time and

money for producers and consumers alike, serving a greater number of people in the United States. Then, too, we could maintain it to fit our national policy.

The all-American route may cost a little more than the St. Lawrence route, although there are no recent complete cost estimates on either. But even though the cost should be slightly greater, its advantages would far outweigh this factor.

If we do build a waterway, let us spend our money on American soil. By choosing the all-American route, there would be benefit not only for producers and consumers, but also for American engineers, American labor, and American manufacturers of materials. Furthermore, we would retain within our own borders our valuable trade routes built up during more than 100 years. Truly we should "look before we leap."

## No Seaway!

*Facilities Are Now Adequate*

**Says B. W. P. Coghlin**

*President, The Montreal Board of Trade*

**M**AY I SAY at the outset that I do not propose to deal with the advantages or disadvantages to the United States of the St. Lawrence waterway project either as a power or as a navigation scheme. That would not be fitting. But I do hold—in common with many Canadians—quite definite views as to the effect of such a waterway on the interests of the Dominion.

The issues involved have been somewhat obscured by the combination of the power and navigation features of the project. The more or less arbitrary allocation to one or other of these features of portions of the estimated cost of the whole scheme—estimates varying from

a few hundred millions to a billion or more dollars—has enabled its supporters to show advantages based on hypothetical traffic.

Yet so far as Canada is concerned, we may dismiss the power feature completely because there is now more hydroelectric power available, developed or undeveloped, in the two central Provinces of Quebec and Ontario than will likely be required for our own use for generations.

This leaves for us only the question whether the expenditure of our share of the enormous cost may be justified solely from the standpoint of cheapened water transportation. I assume, of course, that Canada should pay her legitimate share of the whole cost because it would, in my opinion, be highly undesirable to agree to the United States making capital expenditures within the Dominion.

Vigorously opposed in Canada, this project is regarded as economically undesirable because it would cause an overexpansion of water facilities and would increase taxation. Not only would Canadian railroads and Canadian lake shipping be disastrously affected, but also the Dominion's Government would be thrust almost into bankruptcy.

We have already spent enormous sums on our transportation systems. Our canal system, including the ship channel to Montreal, has cost to date nearly 300 million dollars. There are in Canada 43,350 miles of railway. Our Government owns outright one railroad with a mileage of 21,950 on which the annual deficit is in the neighborhood of 50 million dollars. Perhaps Canada is as intimately concerned with the prosperity of the other great railway, of almost equal mileage, although it is privately owned.

Since it is a fact that the traffic of the country has not been sufficient to maintain these two railway systems on an economic basis, one of them involving heavy contributions out of Federal revenues, is it reasonable to suggest that the additional transportation facilities of a deep-

ened St. Lawrence should be constructed to take away traffic from these railways, both of which are now starving for lack of business? Surely, it would be utter folly to extend our more than adequate transportation facilities by embarking on a scheme which would be still another heavily losing proposition. To the extent to which the St. Lawrence waterway project would be successful in attracting tonnage, it would take traffic away from our railways and also our inland water carriers and the sea-ports on which many millions of dollars have been spent.

Competent authorities in Canada assert that the large savings in general freight rates claimed by the proponents cannot be substantiated, that sufficient outlets for its foreign trade are available, that large liners could not and would not use the waterway, that only the smaller freighters—particularly grain tramps—would penetrate to the great lake ports, and that the saving in freight rates on grain affected by this class of tonnage, if any, would be negligible. In view of these facts, staggering expenditures for construction and maintenance for the proposed deeper waterway are unwarranted. Furthermore, the existing system of canals, railroads, and lake shipping now affords an efficient and economical method of transport.

The principal claim of the proponents of the project,

*Ice (right) imperils navigation on both routes in Winter. If either waterway is built, it is asserted, rail traffic will diminish and cars (below) will stand idle.*

Photo: (below) Kaufmann-Fabry; (right) Acme



one promise so alluring to Western farmers, is the great saving in freight rates on grain. In the first place, prospects of heavy shipments of grain via the St. Lawrence are for many reasons becoming less likely. One factor is the westward shift of grain-producing areas and the increasing export of grain from Vancouver. The farther west the grain grows, the more visionary becomes the expectation of a rate advantage by the loading of ocean carriers at Great Lakes ports, and the argument of the ships' proximity to the grain-growing area is lost.

Vancouver, particularly, is taking a large share of the wheat which formerly passed through Montreal bound for overseas markets. Manitoba was a great producing area, but is now being surpassed by Saskatchewan and Alberta, as the following figures for total wheat production in these Provinces in the three-year period from 1935 to 1937 show: Manitoba, 97,250,000 bushels; Saskatchewan, 289,198,000 bushels; Alberta, 238,648,000 bushels. As the export movement from Vancouver has increased in recent years, the importance of Montreal as an exporting outlet has relatively declined.

While navigation on the St. Lawrence River requires skill and care, the question of the extra hazards and the grave dangers of the canal section of the proposed waterway for the ocean carriers does not seem to have been given adequate consideration. Doubt exists in the minds of many qualified experts as to the practicability of attempting to navigate the canalized section of the waterway with deep-draught ships—ocean liners, for example—because of climatic conditions, sharp turns, and the character of the bottom and sides.

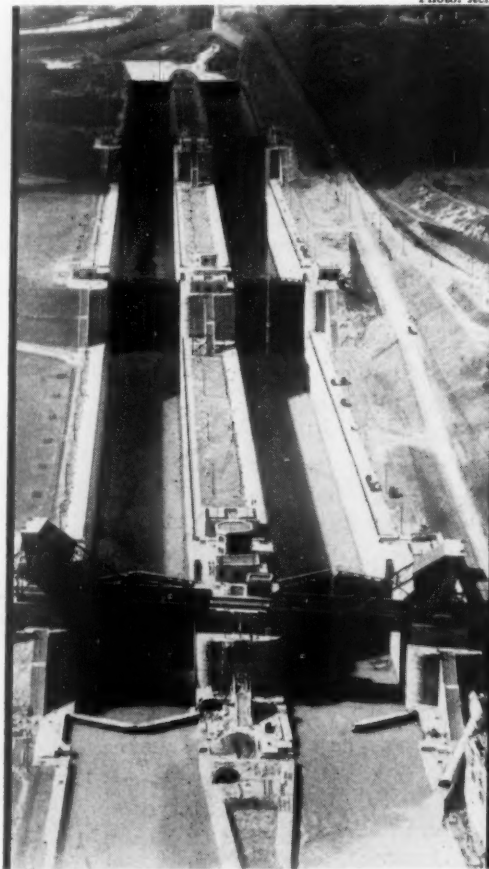
There is no doubt that the extra hazards encountered by vessels navigating narrow and, in many cases, rockbound channels in the upper St. Lawrence would result in such increased insurance rates as to make the cost of operation of ocean vessels through such a waterway almost prohibitive, while the prevalence of cross winds and, at certain seasons, intermittent fogs will cause delays, and so add materially to the cost of navigation.

Nor can the cost of the scheme be calculated. There are no precedents on which to base accurate estimates. The great volume of water to be handled, the ice conditions to be met during construction, the extensive subaqueous works involved, the inundation of a large area of Canadian land, including the whole of one town and part of another, all warrant the belief that large though

even the more moderate estimates are, they would be largely exceeded if the project is undertaken.

A glance at the original estimates and final costs of great public works of this kind is indicative of what may be expected. Our own Welland Canal, estimated to cost 50 million dollars, actually cost 140 million dollars, including interest during construction; the Manchester ship canal, estimated at 40 million dollars, actually cost 80 million dollars; the Suez Canal, estimated at 30 million dollars, actually cost 80 million dollars; the Panama Canal, estimated at 150 million dollars, actually cost 375 million dollars. These facts are significant.

Photo: Acme



*Over the Welland Canal—a section of which is seen here—11 million tons of freight pass yearly between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie.*

Even if the scheme were a good one, there is a vital reason why Canada should not embark upon such a gigantic enterprise at the present time. I refer to the financial condition of the country.

In 1937 the net total funded debt of the Dominion and the Provinces reached the formidable amount of \$4,852,000,000, having increased about 25 percent in the preceding five years. In the same year, contingent liabilities brought this total debt to nearly 6¼ billion dollars. Add to these figures the liabilities of municipalities of over three-quarters of a billion dollars and we have a debt burden for our 11 million people to carry which indicates the desirability of caution in embarking on further unnecessary expenditures.

To summarize the objections to the St. Lawrence waterway project from the Canadian viewpoint:

1. It is commercially and economically unsound.
2. To the extent that it is successful, it would divert sorely

needed traffic from railways, steamship lines, and inland water carriers.

3. It would result in an inordinate tax burden without commensurate benefits.

For all these reasons, it is my profound conviction that insofar as Canada is concerned, the project is untimely and premature and that our country's financial situation renders it unwise to proceed with any such undertaking at the present time. Naturally, I have not dealt with many minor aspects given more comprehensive consideration in various books and reports. Nevertheless, I believe citizens in the United States and Canada should note carefully the conclusions made here, for the project may become an issue soon demanding a decision.

# Portrait of a Brother . . . . . *By a Sister*



**“W**RITE to me sometime,” he called from the station platform through the closed train window. “Not about what you’re doing. Write me what’s going on up here—” pointing to his forehead as I struggled with the daycoach window which made communication difficult. “Don’t try to open it! You’re only wasting energy again. Write me—”

“Then I’ll write you about not being afraid to waste a little energy,” I called quickly, still struggling unsuccessfully with the window as the train pulled slowly away from the platform.

Gradually I lost sight of him, and the somewhat baffled last look on his face was repeated, I am sure, on my own. It had been a gesture inviting an old and long-lost intimacy, that “Write to me” he had called through the car window. How unfortunate it was that he had followed it with a remark indicative of a certain lack of sympathy and understanding between us, a brother and a sister. And how unreasonably sensitive I was to throw it back at him, not expressing the surge of happiness

I had felt at his invitation.

Miles added swiftly to the miles between us that day as years had added swiftly to the years which now lay between us and our childhood—years which had left both

of us, I am sure, with a recurrent yearning for snatches of the lost understanding of childhood, and which had left at least one of us with an occasional ache for the splendors and glories which those days promised through the wonderful being who was and still is—a brother.

This brother of mine is not just an average man. He has always seemed far above it—to me. When we were growing up, and he always more than three years my senior, how inferior I felt, actually, in the presence of this being who might some day be President of the United States. For that was one of the most potent ideas I ever carried out of a public schoolroom—that any American boy might one day be President. I had, of

course, as a young girl little ambition for myself other than marriage. What other ambition I had, found outlet in my brother. How superior he seemed to me, always, when he stood at the head of his class. What pride I took, later, in his Phi Beta Kappa scholarship key.

I have been told in recent years by men in his profession that he has a brilliant mind. One—himself a brilliant man—has gone so far as to say it is the best mind with which he has ever had contact. My brother stands, then, in the judgment of his fellowmen, in the front rank of his profession in a city of 100,000.

He has, of course, his critics. But even their criticism adds to my respect for him. He has, they say, a streak of laziness. He could do much more professional work if he would. Not better work—just more work, make more money. He is not a rich man. His home is heavily mortgaged. He has a family coming along, the kind of children who will justify college training. His present income may not take care of all this, especially if there are emergencies. Yet, his critics tell me, often he walks out of his office early or comes to it late while they come early and stay late rather than let any legitimate business go elsewhere. This is their self-imposed mold, and they would make my brother fit it.

But he will not conform. Rather, he chooses to hunt and fish with all the zest he used to put in tennis, baseball, and track the while he was easily earning scholastic honors others were grinding for. He saws and cuts logs at his mountain cabin, or out-pitches his friends at quoits; and when bad weather keeps him in town over Winter week-ends, he handles tools at his well-equipped work bench in a way that many a wage-earning carpenter might envy. Over the front door of his self-planned home is a lantern of his own making, bearing easily distinguishable copper silhouettes of each member of his family.

**M**Y BROTHER has been fortunate in his wife. She has adored him for 20 years without becoming his intellectual satellite. She has loved him and clung to him, but always as a distinct mental entity. She has that unusual quality which has enabled her to achieve continually the development of her own mentality to such an extent that in their marriage there is the constant stimulation of the masculine and feminine minds upon each other rather than the more usual deteriorating (to both) absorption or domination of one mind by another.

True, it is my sister-in-law who does more than half the compromising in the practical affairs of their lives. But she does it without letting it affect the quality of her mind. My brother's abstract ideas and intellectual theories are not necessarily her ideas and theories. Although

they often enjoy the same books, they often enjoy or dislike vastly different books. His mind is a man's mind. Hers is a woman's. I can visualize them at 75, or at 90, sitting in front of their fireplace reading aloud and talking to each other as usual, and Jack still mildly annoyed that after all these years of close association with him, his wife still holds views which seem to him incompatible with the truth.

But Jack has never even been mentioned for the Presi-

*"Wop? . . . You call him that? My sister would call him 'wop'? Then you're a fool!"*



Illustrations by Rae-burn Van Buren

dency. Happy men seldom are, and he is a happy wise man. His sense of values has kept him from being ambitious for things which could add little to genuine happiness.

The reason for this, I suppose, has lain primarily in the quality of the home into which he happened to be born. We grew up in the intimate atmosphere of love and happiness without conspicuous achievement or wealth. Less intimately, but unmistakably, we saw achievement and wealth without happiness. We were conditioned to desire and seek happiness first, and to distinguish the false from the real. Jack found it. And the man who finds happiness early and abidingly is not overambitious to achieve anything which will keep him from its enjoyment. Human beings do not strive for that larger soul- and body-consuming impersonal service when they have found satisfying expression in the service of personal love.

And this is where all my philosophy about happiness comes crashing down about me. My brother has attained the thing in life most worth striving for. I want him to have it. And yet there is something in me that

rebels at the limitations happiness has drawn tightly about him. I knew him before his unusual gifts found their present satisfying checkmate. Am I to blame that he manfully, as male youth will, promised something he has now no desire to achieve?

I remember my brother when he was 12 and I but 8½. "There goes the 'wop,'" I had one day remarked to him innocently as the stooped, pack-laden figure of the town's rag and old-clothes man passed our gate.

"Wop!" He was a blaze of wrath. I did not understand. It was a meaningless word I had picked up in school.

"Wop?" He stuck the blade of his penknife into the step where we were sitting. "You call him that? My sister would call him 'wop'? Then you're a fool!"

I was too young to know of cruel racial oppression, of a social and industrial world filled with needless hardships and cruel injustices. But no impressionable girl child could have experienced that day the blazing sincerity of a boy's instinctive revulsion against racial injustice without carrying the memory of it through her entire life.

**T**HEN WE grew into adolescence. And as we emerged from its other side into an intellectual grasp of political and economic issues, into the realization that the lives of human beings were being blighted by the faults of an economic system, something of childhood's intuitive sense of justice stayed with us as a powerful guiding spirit. We were two young crusaders blazing with zeal to do our bit in righting things, with well-trained minds confident in their ideas that a better though not a perfect system was possible, and eager to struggle against all odds for it. . . .

And then came our separation—eight years of it that brought to a brother easy success in his chosen profession and the fulfillment of love. Eight years of happiness for him. Eight years of a kind of compromise which taught him to regard and speak of the social ideals of his young manhood as the dreams of an adolescent. Eight years which had brought him into the open as a man who had lost the sense of social consciousness which had pervaded his early life.

I did not see it happen. The new mold had already set when my eyes beheld him again. . . .

A shut window. "Don't try to open it. You're only wasting energy." He was done with something he once vigorously possessed. Life no longer challenges him in the way it once did. He opens only the easy windows now. If they stick tight, he wastes no energy. He uses it constructively on reading, on intimate contact with friends, on the arts, on Nature. Why struggle? "It doesn't greatly matter," he wrote me in answer to my letter telling him of certain economic principles I believed in, "what the rules of the game are so long as the majority of us agree upon what they shall be. The adoption of new rules will, you may be sure, not alter human nature."

Arguments which satisfy him now, but which he scorned at 22, when it seemed vastly important that the game and the rules be altered to fit human nature rather than have human beings content with playing any stupid old game at all. An attitude at 40 which he had despised at 20. And it is I who am adolescent, he says, because my conceptions have not changed fundamentally since then. I have not grown. I have stood still.

And something of this is always stupidly between us now, barring intimacy to two who were once unafraid of it. I do not know what his barrier is. I suppose mine lies in the fact that I have been unable to change the model of the hero I would worship in him. . . .

"Don't try to open it. You're only wasting energy." I see my brother on the station platform keeping pace, though only for a moment, with the motion of my train; and I rebel that he does not, will not, come with me as I move out into the struggle to which he helped me pledge myself. Even before my eyes lost sight of him, he had begun to move contentedly down the steps to the substantial car which would carry him to his office, to his exclusive club for luncheon, to his home and family for dinner.

He is a brother to be proud of, and indeed I am proud of him. He is a good citizen, and a respected one. Maybe I should be satisfied with this. But yet—I cannot help it and I shall never be able to help it. I knew him when he was 12. He had elements of greatness then.



*"What pride I took, later, in his Phi Beta Kappa scholarship key."*

# That the Blind May Read



By Weldon Melick

**S**IX RAISED DOTS are the greatest mitigation of blindness ever discovered. Six colorless dots arranged in two upright rows three dots high, as on the domino six—embossed in a space a fourth the size of the index fingernail, and used under that finger—mean to sightless people the world over the difference between illiteracy and education, frequently the difference between being idle parasites and useful, happy citizens.

Those magic dots constitute the basic Braille "cell," from which, by subtracting various combinations of dots, are derived a point alphabet readily legible to the fingertips, and literary, chemical, mathematical, and musical codes for every language that has an alphabet. Louis Braille, 20-year-old blind teacher in the Paris Institution for the Young Blind, worked out the 63 touch symbols in 1829, enabling the blind for the first time to read and write with ease, and to read their own writing. By making education for the blind a practicality instead of a miracle, he changed a hopeless affliction to a surmountable handicap and paved the way for the expression of such brilliant minds as Helen Keller's.

Braille's was not the first attempt to free his fellow sufferers from their dark prison. Letters had been carved on wooden blocks in an effort to teach blind persons to read as early as 1575, and stylus writing on wax-covered tablets was described in 1651. When the Spaniards conquered Peru, they found a system of string writing which depended on the various sizes, shapes, and spacings of knots in a cord. A similar system has been used in Europe much more recently. Pin-prick letters had



Photos: (top) American Foundation for the Blind; (above) Braille Institute

*Across a dotted surface (top) moves an adept finger—an "eye" that sees in a world of darkness. The pattern comes from Braille plates (above) which produce raised dots on both sides of the paper. . . . Playing cards for the blind can be marked with a punch and an ordinary Braille slate (right) which most blind people carry.*

also been tried. A little German boy, blind Jacob of Netra, devised his own system of communication and record in the middle of the 18th Century by cutting notches in sticks. Before his death he had accumulated a small library of notched sticks and a reputation as a man of wisdom.

Valentin Haüy, founder of the first school for the blind in 1791, invented embossed printing after his first pupil accidentally made out a few letters of ordinary printing by rubbing his finger over the slightly raised

impressions of the type on the reverse side. But Haüy made the mistake of most sighted persons up to that time in supposing that the fingertips could cope fluently with the same forms as the eye. His pupils did learn to read raised Roman letters, but it was a tedious process.

Braille, blinded at 3 while playing with an awl in his father's harness shop, learned to read by that method when he came to the Paris Institution at the age of 10, and later taught it himself. The first arbitrary point alphabet had already been conceived by a French artillery officer, Captain Charles Barbier, who probably at first intended it only as a military cipher which could be read in the dark. A cryptograph of phonetics using a basic 12-dot cell too unwieldy for fingertip efficiency, his coded shorthand or "night writing" was never a serious possibility as an aid for the blind, but the Parisian blind sensed that it contained the germ of their salvation, and trying to improve on Barbier's arrangement of dots became a popular pastime with them. With a stroke of genius, Braille slashed the six by two cell in half, along with the writing frame Barbier had invented to go

with it. Braille was an accomplished organist, and there is reason to suppose that he first used the simplified characters as musical notations, not giving them alphabetical meaning until later.

Braille's alphabet, instead of ending the search for a universal language of the blind, merely precipitated a Babel of other point and line alphabets which kept blind education in chaos for almost a century and has squandered energy, morale, and the all too limited funds available for publishing, as the various systems replaced or duplicated each other. Louis Braille was not allowed to teach his method in school hours, as his own school didn't appreciate its superiority until two years after his death. One by one the rival alphabets have disappeared as their sighted inventors and protagonists bucked the patient pref-

erence of the blind themselves for Braille's system.

In 1932 standard English Braille was adopted by English-speaking countries—one of the results of a world conference on work for the blind, where representatives of 37 nations exchanged ideas. Only one other system has survived—Moon type, a line-letter alphabet invented by a blind Englishman in 1847, which is much easier to learn than Braille, but cannot be read so rapidly, cannot be handwritten, and is more expensive to print. It excellently serves the blind who because of advanced age, work-calloused fingers, or other reasons cannot acquire the sensitive touch needed for Braille. Braille is mastered by the young student in six to eight months and frequently by older persons in fewer than a dozen lessons. The adept read about 100 words a minute, using the right index finger, sometimes supplemented by the left index or one of the middle fingers.

**T**HE oldest and most used method of writing Braille is an adaptation of Barbier's writing frame. A sheet of stiff paper is held between a grooved metal back and a movable guide bar with cell-sized openings. The blind students can take notes on this "slate" with a stylus at about 10 to 15 words a minute, or half the average speed for pencil writing. The symbols are written in reversal from right to left so that their raised impressions on the other side will be in normal position for reading. A Braille typewriter operated by six keys, one for each dot, which are depressed in conjunction to form a letter at each stroke, was invented in 1891 and followed shortly by a stereoplate maker on the same principle, for impressing Braille characters into metal sheets for book publishing. Both machines are operated at about 40 to 60 words a minute. There is now also a Braille shorthand machine which writes on a paper ribbon, and by which a blind stenographer can take dictation in phonetic symbols, to be transcribed on an ordinary typewriter.

Stereotyping was less expensive than printing by mov-

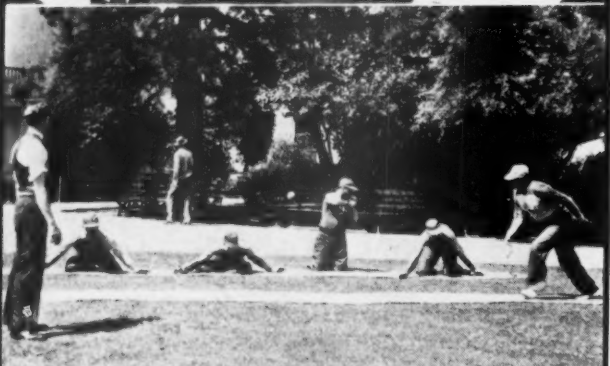


Photos: (below and right) Acme



A "hand" is fixed and analyzed (right) with the aid of Braille.





Photos: (top) Braille Institute; (2 & 3) Acme; American Foundation for the Blind

able type or hand-punched plates, but the symbols being necessarily large and for many years printed on only one side of the paper, an ordinary manuscript was very bulky, requiring great amounts of special thick paper to hold the impressions, and, of course, multiple binding, as the text of an average print book would occupy several volumes in Braille. Finally, some saving was made by interlining—printing on both sides of a sheet by alternately spacing the lines; then precision machinery made it possible to print the points on one side between the points on the other side, utilizing all the space on both sides of the expensive sheets. Even so, a copy of a Braille book costs about 1 cent per 100 words to print, mainly because editions run only from 20 to 150 copies. *The Saturday Evening Post*, in which you can buy 20,000 words for 1 cent, would obviously cost a fortune if issued in an edition of 150, even though it doesn't have to be printed on wet, resinous paper by heated presses.

An interpointed Braille *Bible* weighs 42 pounds, and costs \$142.59 to produce in 21 11" by 11" volumes. Philanthropic organizations produce and distribute them free or for a portion of their cost, as is the practice with all Braille literature which is not circulated through libraries. For the same reason of limited distribution, Braille machines have to be practically custom-built, and are exceedingly costly, even though not made for profit.

**C**ONSIDERING that only a fourth of the 130,000 blind in the United States can read Braille, it is rather remarkable that two American Braille magazines, the *Matilda Ziegler* and the *Christian Record*, have circulations close to 10,000. *The Reader's Digest*, the only ink-print magazine with a Braille edition, has 3,000 sightless subscribers, but the copies are read by several times that many. The American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, Kentucky, which does part of the Government work, stereotyped over 64,000 plates in 1937, and the output of the National Institute for the Blind in London was as great. Church groups and women's clubs, working under local Red Cross chapters, have since 1921 hand typed hundreds of Braille books needed by blind individuals but not of enough general interest to warrant publication in Braille. Such books become the property of one of the 27 Braille depositories in public libraries designated by the Library of Congress.

In 1931, Congress made available \$100,000 a year for embossed print books, which may be borrowed from the depositories without charge by blind readers, since Braille books are sent through the mails free, a privilege also extended to magazines published free for the blind.

*Beauties of basketry (top) are revealed to the blind through Braille directions. . . . Rehabilitation in a Paris, France, home for sightless War veterans. They are being equipped to become masseurs. . . . "Fair ball!" announces a bell in a blind baseball game. Eager arms try to stop it. . . . Great boon to the sightless is the Talking Book. Though devised for those deprived of vision too late in life to learn Braille, blind children, too, find new vistas of literature now opening to them.*

The United States Government also furnishes Braille textbooks for its 65 residential schools; also for special classrooms for blind in regular day schools which are found in 26 cities and which are destined perhaps to supplant those where the blind are segregated like lepers. There is a healthy socializing tendency today to give blind youngsters "proper neglect" and let them lead normal lives among normal children.

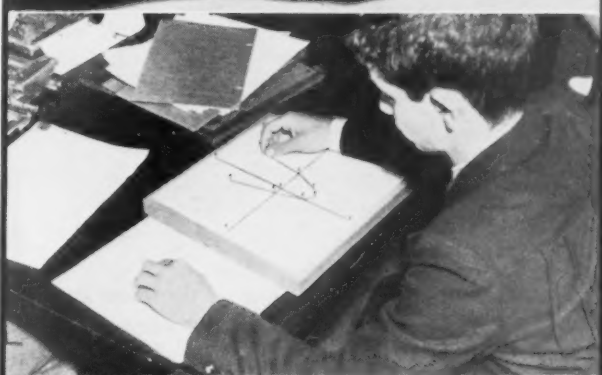
The danger in training a blind child has always been that of "killing him with kindness"—doing everything for him and not letting him do anything for himself, a course which can have no other result than crippling him mentally and spiritually. But nowadays you are apt to see blind boys climbing trees, building radio sets and exploring roofs unaided to set up the antenna, skating, even competing in track meets and on wrestling teams with other blind and sighted students.

**T**HEY take part in dramatics, guiding their movements by rugs and furniture. They need no help in dressing themselves, since washable rubber Braille tags sewn in their garments tell them the color of a tie or suit. They tell time with Braille watches. They learn to cook, labeling supplies in Braille and telling by the fragrance when things are done. They wash dishes, make beds, thread a needle on the tongue, and generally keep house a lot better than a sighted person, because they have to wipe floors methodically instead of dusting them superficially, and of necessity keep everything in its proper place.

And in the classroom they compete on a parity with their seeing companions, using their own books, embossed outline maps in geography, models in science, nail marks instead of pencil marks in manual training, and Taylor or Brannan slates in mathematics. The Brannan slate is a small, multiple-celled Bakelite tray with removable dice-like cubes, each one of which has Braille dots on five sides and can represent any digit from one to nine, depending on how it is inserted. It was invented by a father to help his blind son through third-grade addition, and the boy was still using it in college for integral calculus.

Many States in the United States grant blind college students funds to employ readers in order that higher education may not be denied them. Works Progress Administration (WPA) projects have done much to aid blind education and to batter down barriers that set the blind apart, the most important of which has been the production of 21,000 Talking Book machines loaned indefinitely to the blind through [Continued on page 59]

*A blind schoolboy "studies" a relief map of New York State (top); pins outline counties. . . . Fractions, long division, decimals, square root, can be worked out on the Brannan arithmetic Braille slate by placing cubes in the proper cells. . . . A blind student's left hand "reads" an algebraic problem; his right hand works it out on a Braille graph. . . . By pressing the keys, the blind operator records dictation on a Braille shorthand machine. Characters are embossed on the tape.*



Photos: (2d from top) American Foundation for the Blind; (others) Acme



**B**ECAUSE Cleveland is one of the most cosmopolitan of American cities and Rotary one of the most cosmopolitan of world movements, the prospect of their meeting—when Rotary holds its international Convention here in June—is a happy one. They will understand each other right from the start—just as they did 14 years ago when Cleveland was host to Rotary's Convention in 1925.

Both the city and the movement acquired their international composition gradually. Indeed, for many years after its founding in 1796, Cleveland was peopled chiefly by "Connecticut Yankees," and the land on which the city stands was then a part of "New Connecticut." Connecticut—to recall a page from your history book—claimed, by royal British charter, a strip of land of its own width running westward all the way to the "South Sea" (the Pacific Ocean).<sup>\*</sup> Gradually it yielded these "Western Lands" until it retained only the Connecticut Western Reserve, which extended 120 miles west from Pennsylvania. Here the Connecticut Yankees settled. Here, on the shore of Lake Erie, General Moses Cleveland, with extraordinary vision, laid out in the woods a four-acre public square and ran Superior Avenue, 132 feet wide, through its center. He gave the settlement his

<sup>\*</sup> See *From Flatboat to Ship of State*, James Truslow Adams, February, 1939, ROTARIAN.

<sup>†</sup> See *Making Them Feel at Home*, Louis Adamic, February, 1939, ROTARIAN.

# The City of the Cos

**By Harold H. Burton**

*Mayor of Cleveland, Ohio*

name and hoped it would soon grow as large as Old Windham, Connecticut.

Cleveland grew because its settlers and their descendants worked constantly to develop its industry and wealth, its character and culture, and through that very growth which they encouraged, Cleveland has achieved its true cosmopolitanism.

Almost two-thirds of the 1¼ million people of Greater Cleveland are of "foreign birth" or one or both of their parents were born in other lands.<sup>†</sup> At least 25 different nationalities are present in groups each larger than 1,500



Photos: (top) Cleveland Convention & Visitors Bureau; (above) Cleveland Press

—some of them numbering over 100,000 persons. From the British Empire, the Census shows, have come 116,000 people; from Czecho-Slovakia, 102,000; from Germany, 100,000; from Poland, 88,000; from Italy, 60,000; from Hungary, 42,000; from Yugoslavia, 41,000; from Russia, 38,000; and so on.

The casual visitor will not notice this diversity, however, for Cleveland appears to be a thoroughly "American" city, and its people are, first of all, "Americans." But the flavor of the melting pot is blended into, and is discernible in, every part of the city. One has but to look, for instance, at Cleveland's monuments, its Cultural Gardens, the names in its city directories, to see that this is so. The names of hundreds of organizations whose activities fill the newspapers add further proof of the city's cosmopolitan nature—as do nationality hours on local radio programs, foreign-language newspapers, church services in foreign languages, "Saenger-fests," Turner or Sokol athletic events, and names of local artists and athletes. Many of our churches bear names

# Cosmopolitan Heart

from abroad, such as St. Wenceslaus (Bohemian) and St. Casimir (Polish). Throughout the city are sprinkled the meeting places of our many nationality groups—the Bohemian Gardens, the West Side and East Side Sachsenheim, the Alliance of Poles Hall, the Sons of Italy Building, Verhovay Hall, Slovenian Hall, Swiss Hall, Chinatown, and many another. Some of the groups maintain their own picnic grounds or other open-air pleasure spots—the Sokol Farm, the Deutsche Centrale Farm, and the Swiss Farm, to name a few.

Cleveland, like other cities, has its heroes—and it has commemorated the lives of many of them in monuments. Through these monuments, which mark not only the memory of a man, but also the ideals of a city, and through its Cultural Gardens, Cleveland hands the

a statue of Abraham Lincoln shown delivering his Gettysburg Address. Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, in bronze, sit at the south entrance of the County Courthouse, facing the Public Square.

Looking out over Lake Erie from the north entrance to the County Courthouse sit Chief Justice John Marshall, of the United States Supreme Court, and Judge Rufus P. Ranney, of the Ohio Supreme Court, representing outstanding leadership in the development of the courts of the United States and of Ohio.

Among Cleveland's native sons who won high honor was James A. Garfield, 20th President of the United States. He was born in a log cabin in a township near the city. A five-mile ride east from the Public Square takes one to the Garfield Memorial in Lakeview Cemetery wherein is a statue of this President. His beautiful home at Mentor, 25 miles east of Cleveland, is preserved as a memorial.

Following an easy circuit around Cleveland's University Circle—making short tangent trips here and there—one finds reproduced in stone and metals the features and figures of such other men as these: Senator Marcus A. Hanna, a former Cleveland resident and close friend of President William McKinley . . . Harvey Rice, a leader in establishing the public-school system . . . Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie . . . Louis Kossuth, Hungarian patriot long honored in America . . . Franz Liszt, the

Photos: (left) Cleveland Press; (below) Cleveland Convention & Visitors Bureau



*Cleveland—where the ends of the earth come together—writes its history in monuments such as those to General Moses Cleaveland, its founder (top left), and James A. Garfield, 20th President of the United States (right). . . . The Shakespeare Garden (left) and the Lithuanian Garden (above) are two of the 19 beautiful Cultural Gardens built by nationality groups.*

key to its own cosmopolitan self to all its many visitors.

Let us set out, from the center of the city, on a tour among some of these statues and busts of people who helped to build some of the institutions of which Cleveland and the United States are proudest.

On the Public Square which he plotted with his own eye and hand stands General Moses Cleaveland, the city's founder. Appropriately, he is carrying his surveying instruments. Also on the Square is Mayor Tom L. Johnson, Cleveland's greatest Mayor. He is seated near the public rostrum he placed there for the use of all who wished to speak.

Facing the Public Mall near the Public Square stands



great Hungarian composer . . . Tadeusz Kosciuszko, Polish patriot and a general in the American Revolutionary Army . . . Maimonides, Moses Mendelssohn, Spinoza, and Achad Ha'am, Hebrew philosophers; and Halévy, Meyerbeer, and Goldmark, Hebrew leaders in music . . . Rebecca Gratz, the prototype of Rebecca in Scott's *Ivanhoe* . . . Goethe and Schiller, German poets . . . Heine and Lessing, German literary artists . . . Father Jahn, founder of the Turnverein movement . . . Richard Wagner . . . Virgil . . . Doctors Basanavicius and Kudirka, Lithuanian leaders . . . General Milan Stefanik, Slovak leader . . . Ivan Cankar, Peter Nyegosh, Simon Gregorcic, literary leaders of Yugoslavia, and Bishop Baraga, a Yugoslavian, who, as apostle to the Chippewas, was one of the first Roman Catholic bishops in this region.

**A**MONG other monuments to religious leaders are those of St. Joseph, St. Thomas Aquinas, and Bishop Rappe, who was the first Catholic bishop of the Cleveland diocese. Representing English and American literature are busts of Shakespeare and Mark Twain. A bust of John Hay, the statesman and poet who is claimed as a Clevelander, will soon be placed on view.

There you have a list of interests which demonstrates the cosmopolitan background against which Rotary's Convention will be set—but a word about the Cultural Gardens of Cleveland, in which many of these monuments stand, is important. This unique chain of 19 gardens located in Rockefeller Park, unlike any others in the world, has been sponsored and built by the people of the many national groups who have made Cleveland their home. The aim of the project is to encourage interracial friendship among the city's people.

The Shakespeare Garden came first. It was started in 1916 on the 300th anniversary of the death of William Shakespeare. Designed in Elizabethan style, this lovely

garden is formed of hedge-bordered walks, patterned beds, and topiary work. Near the bust of Shakespeare, which is the focus of attention in the Garden, grows a mulberry tree which is said to be a descendant of one planted by Shakespeare in Stratford.

Across the Upper Drive is the Hebrew Garden, begun in 1926. More oriental in character, it lies in a circle, enclosing garden walks in the form of a six-pointed Shield of David. At four of these points are memorials to Hebrew philosophers.

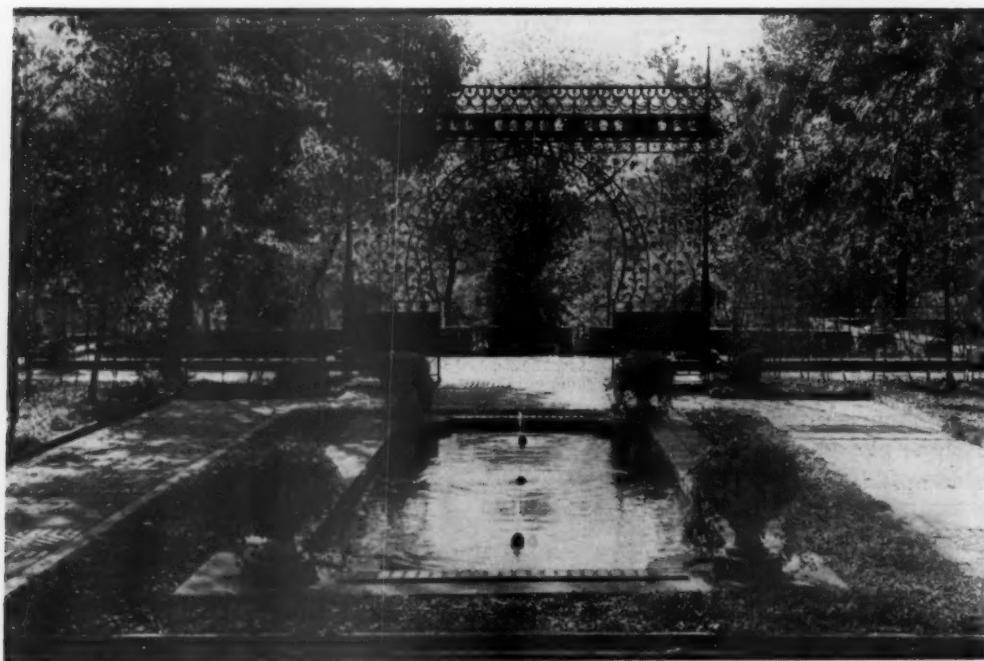
A short space away is the German Garden. It was dedicated in 1929 as part of the Lessing-Moses Mendelssohn bicentennial observance. Its dominating feature is the heroic statue of Goethe and Schiller. Adjoining is the Hungarian Garden, dedicated to Franz Liszt. Plans for it were prepared in Budapest. Next is the Greek Garden, to be completed this Spring. It is a sunken garden, different in style from the others. It will contain a bas-relief representing many cultural leaders of Greece, from Socrates and Phidias to El Greco. To the north is the Italian Garden, representative of the Italian Renaissance. This was dedicated on Columbus Day in 1930, marking the 2,000th anniversary of the birth of Virgil. Across a drive is the Czecho-Slovak Garden. Near-by is the Yugoslav Garden, dedicated in its completed form in 1938. The most northerly garden is the Polish Garden, dedicated to Chopin.

Among the other gardens that are partially completed or still are being planned are the Slovak Garden, the Syrian Hillside Garden, the Ukrainian Garden, and the Irish Garden.

South of the Cultural Gardens themselves lie the American Legion Peace Gardens, dedicated to peace among the nations and progress among the United States. Here has been symbolized the unity of the origin and of the nature of the several lands represented and the ease with which the earth of each nation readily can

be made by man to serve a common purpose of life and growth.

To this cosmopolitan community that recognizes great values in the contribution of all races and nations, the people of Cleveland cordially welcome the 1939 Convention of Rotary International.



*The lacy, wrought-iron archway in the Hungarian Garden—which is dedicated to Franz Liszt—was inspired by ornamental gates characteristic of homesteads in Hungary.*

# Kimberley: Diamonds from Grease

By Lawrence G. Green

Editorial Dept., The Cape Argus, Capetown, South Africa

**K**IMBERLEY always rises triumphant above shocks and depressions. After heartbreaking years, this South African city is astir with fresh hope for the stability of a trade more sensitive than any other luxury trade in the world: *diamonds*. Ingenious modern machinery has displaced the old. Men who eagerly watched diamonds turned up with spades in the early days of Kimberley now see power machines win diamonds with all the efficiency of a Rand gold mine.

As late as 1924, the diamondiferous "blue ground" brought from the depths of Kimberley's mines was spread on "floors" for a year so that the weather might break up the rock. Then came crushing and washing plants. But the machinery crushed a vast amount of rock that was plainly not diamondiferous.

Valuable "blue ground," however, is easy to identify—the surface is rough, and it contains glittering particles of mica. So today when the ground is brought up, 1,350 feet in a skip, it is fed slowly onto long conveyor belts. A magnetic separator snatches away broken drills and other scrap metals. The vibratory screen helps to sort the rough from the smooth and useless rock. Finally there are the lines of intelligent natives who pick by hand as the belts pass them, eliminating the old waste of effort.

Hand-picking is one of the most popular jobs in the mines. There is a reward for every diamond found by an employee of De Beers; and although diamonds are not usually revealed until the final concentration, the chance of finding one is always present. The reward is made according to the size of the diamond, at the rate of \$2 a carat. A native convict laborer once handed in a stone of 268 carats. About half a dozen finds are made on the conveyor belts every month, so that there is no boredom in that department and honesty receives encouragement.

Convicts, incidentally, are no longer employed by De Beers. During a previous visit I was amused to find criminals in red-striped jerseys at work even in the pulsator house, where the diamonds come to light at last. Officials told me that these prisoners valued their tobacco rations far more highly than the diamonds under their noses. The temptation to smuggle out diamonds was slight, for there was no hope of success!

The brittle diamond would, in spite of its hardness, be in danger of destruction if the crushing machines were not designed to prevent it. Occasionally a diamond splits along a flaw, anticipating the task of the cutter; but there are no serious losses. Rollers have springs. The



Photo: Keystone

*Down a white "ribbon" flows a stream of concentrates, the diamonds adhering to the grease-smeared pulsator, while other heavy minerals move along with the water.*

stamping so familiar at gold mines is never heard here.

Washing is a stage of production that has gathered much greater speed under the new system. Formerly each of the three mines—Dutoitspan, Bultfontein, and Wessleton—washed its own ground. Now there is a central plant for the three, capable of washing as much as 12,000 loads a day, and sending out as concentrates only one-fiftieth of the ground tipped into the pans. At the present time 150,000 tons are washed a month, equivalent to the output of a busy Rand gold mine; all this despite the fact that the "blue ground" is hoisted eight hours a day instead of 24.

The pulsator, most spectacular of the mining processes, remains unchanged. It is simply a table covered with grease and shaken steadily as the gravel washes over it with a stream of water. Diamonds are caught in the grease while the worthless gravel passes on. No one has ever really understood why the device makes this intelligent selection—not even the employee who invented it—but the fact that it works is enough. When the tables are scraped and the thick mass boiled, the 14-million-to-1 concentration is complete. That is the

ratio. It takes, on an average, 70,000 tons of "blue ground" to produce diamonds of about ten pounds.

Sorting now is carried out in the Central Sorting Office in Kimberley. All the large diamond producers of South Africa and Southwest Africa send their "parcels" to this well-protected stone building. Not so long ago each company maintained its own staff of sorters and valuers. The Central Sorting Office has rationalized this important section of the industry, besides giving the sorters a wider experience in different types of diamonds.

**H**ERE are youths learning one of the strangest of occupations, and middle-aged experts who can tell the origin of a diamond at a glance—and what it is worth. They sit over the shining fortunes in a long row, 23 men gripped by the spell of the diamond, the glamour that never wears off. White paper covers the work table. Beside each sorter are the trade's simple tools.

"These are the sieves—the only mechanical things in the office," pointed out my guide on a recent trip. "The diamonds come from a mine in a jumble, and the sieve helps to size them roughly. But after a few shakes the whole process must be done by balance, hand, and eye."

We passed into an airtight weighing room to examine the scales. No draft is allowed to interfere with an operation in which a weight of one-quarter of a carat may mean a difference of \$125, more or less, in the value of the diamond. There are 142½ carats to the ounce, and the largest scale will weigh up to 12,000 carats.

Diamonds are cleaned with hydrofluoric acid. They need no other treatment until they reach the hands of the

cutter. But what a shuffling and a series of classifications they must undergo before they are ready for shipment to London! I looked over the shoulders of the sorters. Each man had a pair of tweezers and a scoop; and at times a sorter would reach for the headgear of magnifying glasses to decide a difficult problem.

"It is all done by eye, instinct, and experience—a human affair from start to finish," went on my guide. "No machinery will ever replace these men. No textbook on the subject will ever be written. The job can be learned only on the spot, by watching others, and I suppose this room is the finest training ground in the world."

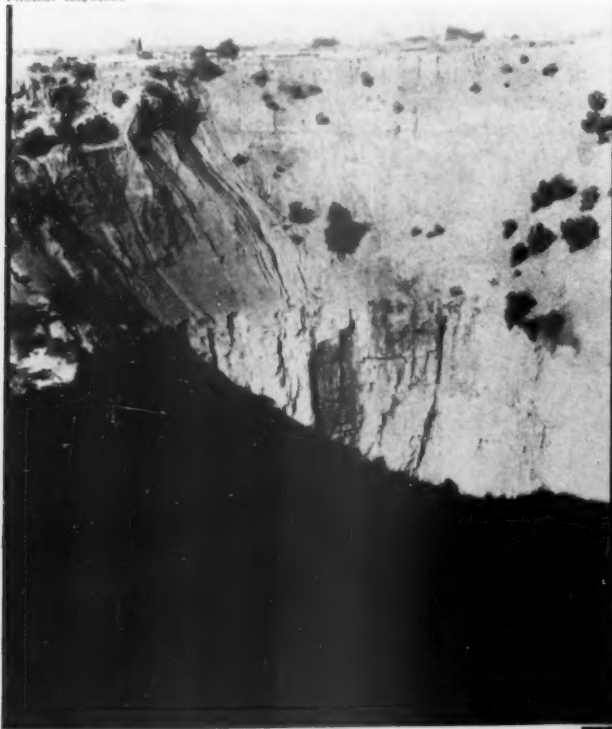
He pointed to the youngest sorter. "We have to catch them young—every man in this room started learning the art at 15 or 16. A man of 25 is much too old to begin. It is a matter of temperament. You must handle diamonds constantly for 15 years before you can call yourself an expert. Only then will you be able to distinguish diamonds from different mines and areas.

"Monotonous work? Never. We find diamonds very interesting at all times. No two diamonds are exactly alike, and there is always something new cropping up to maintain the endless fascination of sorting. Opening a fresh day's output is like opening a newspaper. You never know what may be inside.

"Of course, the eyes feel the strain, and so a working day of 6½ hours is arranged. Weighing and invoicing vary the routine and ease the strain. In dull weather nothing can be done—a dust storm or thunderstorm stops all sorting immediately. In London, in the Winter, sorting is a slow process, but here we seldom fall behind the schedule. Our windows, you observe, face south so that no sunshine may fall on the diamonds and dazzle the sorters. If the man opposite painted his roof white, we should have to ask him to paint it again, a darker color. Daylight is essential; a great deal of money has been spent on experiments with artificial light, but no substitute for daylight has been found satisfactory."

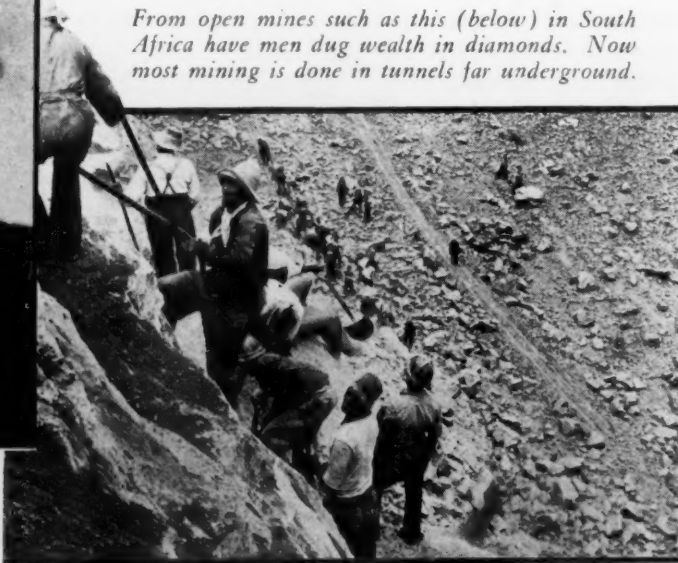
As I walked down the line of sorters, I learned that diamonds are now graded in much greater detail than

Photos: Keystone



*A glance over the edge of the now deserted "Big Hole" (above), Kimberley mine, gives no evidence of today's extensive operations below the surface.*

*From open mines such as this (below) in South Africa have men dug wealth in diamonds. Now most mining is done in tunnels far underground.*



ever before. A mine's monthly output may be sorted into 1,000 or 2,000 different lots—a task ten times more complicated than the old system of sorting.

In one heap lay the pick of the output—magnificent blue-white diamonds of the finest shape and purity. Then there were heaps of colors and shades, almost imperceptible variations that affect prices enormously. I was shown a large stone with black flaws so pronounced as to render it almost valueless as jewelry. Diamonds are found in all the colors of the rainbow, but red is the rarest. Impurities in the crystal may give a diamond a red tinge and increase the price many times—an example of a fault being worth more than perfection. Thus a river stone of six carats found near Kimberley brought approximately \$4,500.

Green diamonds that cut green are valuable, too. The whole art of sorting and valuing diamonds lies in the power to visualize the appearance of the stone after cutting. Even acknowledged experts are liable to errors

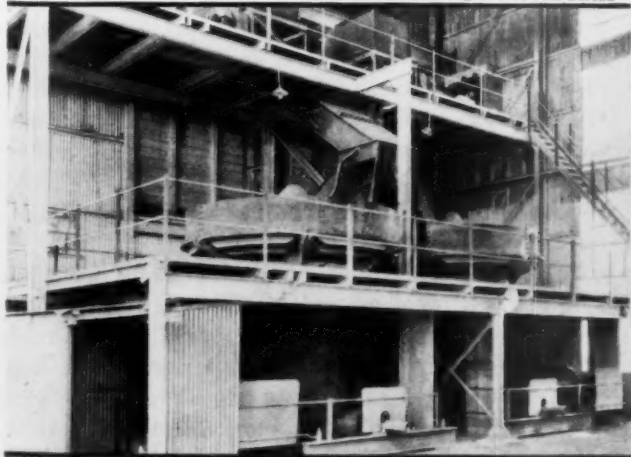
**A**FTER sizes, shapes, and colors come the "cleavages," diamonds that have been broken in the earth; and "macles," or twin stones. Among the stones that would look hideous when set in a brooch or ring are many that can be sold at high prices for industrial purposes. Precision machinery demands diamonds. New uses for the industrial diamond are being discovered every year. A stone that defies cutting will command a large price in the market where men buy diamonds for drilling machines and the manufacture of engines.

I pointed to a heap of hundreds of diamonds and tested the skill of the chief valuator. "Show me the finest diamond there, please." Instantly his hand went forward and he selected a brown octahedron. "There may be differences of opinion in valuation, but every man here will agree that this stone is the best," he declared.

And then he gave a further display of that mysterious sixth sense possessed by diamond experts. He glanced over a table of open tin boxes, each containing diamonds, and told me (without looking at the labels) their origin

*Lifted to the mine's surface in skips, the diamond containing blue ground is fed through a crushing unit (below) before moving out onto the greased pulsator.*

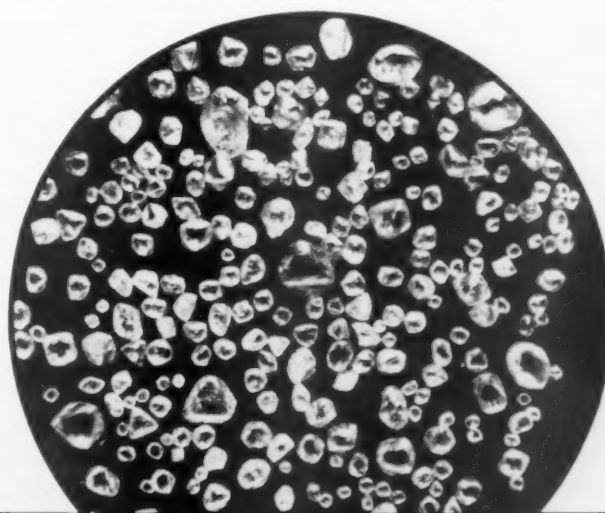
Photos: (below and circle) De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.; (right) Pers-Foto Bureau



"There are diamonds from Alexander Bay, the famous 'Aladdin's Cave,' at the mouth of the Orange River, the Government treasure house that has yielded millions. Blue white, brown, yellow—all possess a typical brilliance though they are not, as some have said, like cut diamonds. The absence of very low qualities may be noted.

"The next box is from Southwest Africa. I cannot tell you why they differ from some of the other assortments, but I know in my own mind. Mines and diggings only a few miles apart produce stones that are different. Freaks do occur, and that is why a diamond expert in a court of law has an even harder task than a handwriting expert. But if I cannot always convince a judge and jury, I know in my own mind—just as a farmer knows his own sheep. Instinct cannot be explained, and we must leave it at that."

When the sorting is completed, the diamonds are folded into "diamond papers," a description of qualities and weights is written, and the little black boxes are packed and sealed. They travel, not by special messenger, but by registered post. Diamonds worth millions have left Kimberley that way, and no thief has yet succeeded in robbing the London bag of its riches.



*Diamonds (circle)—worth £52,500! . . . Most of the gems on which this Amsterdam diamond cutter works (above) are from South African mines.*

# The ROTARIAN

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THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

## Editorial Comment

### Not for Children Only

EVERY parent wants his children, everybody's children, to have a playground. But he needs one, too. All adults do. A hard-bitten superintendent of steel mills in Gary, Indiana, once went to the late Judge Elbert H. Gary and persuaded him, as chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, to appropriate \$250,000 toward the purchase of land along Lake Michigan, adjacent to Gary, to be given to the public as the Indiana Dunes State Park.

"I didn't know," a friend said to the superintendent, "that you had that much sentiment in you."

"It wasn't sentiment," he replied. "I merely pointed out to the Judge that in another generation or so, unless we acted now, all that land would be occupied by industries or homes, greatly increased in value, and out of reach. Our thousands of workers would then have no place to sit on the ground near the lake and eat picnic lunches undisturbed under real trees. All the signs would say *Private Property; No Trespassing*. And that would tend to breed inefficient, discontented, dangerous-minded workers, ready for anything. That's why I wanted the park. There wasn't a spark of sentiment about it."

Maybe not. But the end served, all the same, was on the side of imperishable human values.

The ancient Greeks had a myth about a mighty wrestler. His name was Antaeus. He was a good deal of a nuisance, because he made every stranger wrestle with him; and if the stranger lost, he was put to death. Antaeus could be thrown. But he always got up stronger than ever, thanks to contact with Mother Earth. The great Heracles came along one day, and by holding Antaeus completely off the ground, he succeeded in strangling him, and so ended his career.

There is immense significance in this ancient tale. All of us are stronger after direct contact with ancient Mother Earth. We cannot long be kept away from it and still remain wholly normal and healthy. But an increasingly urbanized civilization makes even an occasional return to the good earth ever more difficult for many of us. That

very difficulty, however, emphasizes the need. Happily many communities—led by alert groups of citizens—have long understood that need and have long been doing more than a little to meet it. Scores of Rotary Clubs, for instance, have built kiddie parks, wading pools, and woodland camps for the youngsters—and parks and flower gardens and tennis courts for the grownups.

In this as in most other cases it is no doubt only right to "think of the children first." Very well, let's do so. Let's give them a corner on the recreational facilities of our communities, but let's save a corner—a grassy knoll or a viney dell or just that acre down by the "depot"—for their mothers and dads. Or, better, for all of them to use together.

### The Giant Stirs

CONSIDER Africa. Elsewhere in this issue Lawrence G. Green describes glamorously how the deep-buried diamond wealth of that ancient yet youthful continent finds its way from blue ground to sorter's table. Africa's contributions to world wealth have come mostly from the ground, from King Solomon's mines to Kimberley's.

Nor have the last mines been found there. A mountain in Eastern Africa is said recently to have been discovered, containing 600 tons of gold by estimate. The presence of all that gold never before had been suspected. Africa's diamond production is on the order of 5 million carats per year, and the last diamond mine has not been found. What is called the world's largest-yielding mine containing the mineral from which radium is obtained is located in the Congo. No copper deposits are larger and richer than Africa's. And only Canada's cobalt mines can match those of the Congo.

Fabulous mineral wealth. Yet it is probable that in the long run this diamond and gold wealth will be but a minor part of Africa's contribution. Her soil already yields richly. According to a recent investigator the continent provides "two-thirds of the world's cocoa . . . most of the palm oil, and large shares of coffee, cotton, peanuts, industrial fibers." And there are a dozen other highly

important crops. The same investigator declares that Africa has one-fourth of the world's water power, and he records the estimates of engineers who believe that 100 million horsepower of electric energy can be developed on the last 250 miles of the Congo River alone.

Vast frontiers still beckon on that continent. It has been predicted that when medicine masters tropical diseases, and inventors finally perfect the mechanics and also the economics of air conditioning, so that sweltering jungles become habitable for men of energy, the tropical portions of South America and Africa combined may become the earth's most important producing areas for foods and for many industrial crops. Hidden away in cities and buried in routines, as many of us are, ultra-civilized men tend to think that the whole world has been subdued and there is nothing important left to do. That is not fractionally true even in a geographical sense. And beyond geography lie chemistry and all of science!

Alexander the Great wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. He has been dead these more than 20 centuries. But mankind has been conquering new worlds ever since. And will go on doing it.

## Eyes on Tomorrow

**W**HAT'S ahead for Rotary, as Rotarians see it? About a year ago many Rotary Clubs throughout the world—yours among them perhaps—did some special thinking about Rotary's future . . . and jotted down their conclusions. These were then assembled, studied, and sifted, and to the top of this mass of Rotary opinion came certain principal suggestions on which there was prevalent agreement. Some of them are presented here in the belief that the individual Rotarian may find them as stimulating as have groups of Rotarians which have already read them.

Almost universally the reports recognize that the strength and growth of Rotary are explained by the ideals which characterize its Objects and program. It is reiterated or assumed in nearly all the statements that people in all countries and in all classes of society are sympathetic to what Rotary calls the ideal of service.

That specialization is a characteristic of modern civilization is also acknowledged, but the reports conclude that Rotary's policy of bringing specialists together in Rotary Clubs has demonstrated that an important unity of thought exists and can be developed in spite of this specialization. Wrote one Rotarian, "The development of Rotary is mainly a consequence of the fact that Rotary brings together on a basis of reality men who are separated by the specialization of professions and business, and teaches them to appreciate the work of each other and to understand that everyone's labor forms a part of the whole unity."

A number of the reports cite the need for increasing opportunities for understanding. That business and professional leaders may now meet on the common ground of interest and purpose is a good thing, they say, but other

people need the same opportunity. Often repeated is the suggestion that young people, "who possess the future," be added to the Clubs' membership.

The desirability of disseminating Rotary principles among the masses whose cumulative influence plays so important a part in present-day culture is expressed either directly or indirectly in many of the reports. One Rotarian thinks Rotary faces the danger "of becoming complacent middle-class."

Again and again, in one form or another, appear these suggestions for the realization of recognized opportunities and the avoidance of recognized dangers: Each Club must strengthen itself by encouraging its individual members to become real Rotarians, appreciative of the significance of Rotary principles and active in their promulgation; each Club should build up its membership to be a truly representative group in its community; more young men should be taken into the Clubs. Specifically or by implication, some of the reports urge the extension of Rotary into new areas.

Typical of the tenor of, and indeed a fair summary of, most of the reports is a paragraph from Prof. Dr. A. Leber, honorary member of the Rotary Club of Malang, Netherlands Indies: "If Rotary gives and takes, at home and at the Club, between associates and competitors, weak and strong, subalterns and masters, if the spirit of Rotary promotes mutual understanding and disinterested service, it will be in the future a valuable co-worker of all who serve mankind. *Si non, non!*"

## In Aid of Stricken Chile

**O**N THE morning of January 26, newspaper and radio bulletins brought to the world the tragic news of an earthquake in central Chile which the day before had razed many cities and villages and had killed thousands of people. In the story there was personal significance for Rotarians everywhere, for in six of the cities there are, or were, Rotary Clubs. A cablegram from Governor Armando Hamel, at Santiago, in Rotary District 34, reports that Chillan, San Carlos, Bulnes, Parral, and Cauquenes, all in his District, were totally destroyed, and that Concepcion, in District 33, was partially destroyed. All are "Rotary cities."

Rotary Clubs or Rotarians wishing to contribute funds to be used by Chilean Rotary Clubs for general relief purposes, to be expended particularly for the relief of Rotarians, their families, or employees, may send their contributions by cable or bank draft to District Governor Armando Hamel, Bandera 140, P. O. Box 1051 (cable address: Interotary), Santiago, Chile.

The first news of the quake was still fresh, and the above procedure for sending help to Chilean Rotarians had not been announced, when the Rotary Club of Ridgewood, New Jersey, mailed a remittance of \$40 to Governor F. Quezada Rogers, of District 33. "It is at times like these," said an officer of the Club, "that international goodwill should be put into practice."



Photo: Keystone

## A Court of World Law

By Laurence R. Campbell

**F**LAMING headlines report a world scene in which machinery for the pacific settlement of international disputes soon may be junked. Coercive measures seem to be gaining the ascendancy, cooperative techniques to be losing prestige. If we appraise this machinery realistically, we cannot fail to reexamine one of its most vital parts—the Permanent Court of International Justice—familiarily known as the World Court.

Without benefit of fanfare, this Court has gone about its business undramatically since it was established in 1920 and put into operation in 1922. In its first 16 years of existence, it rendered 28 judgments and gave 27 advisory opinions, settling disputes over boundaries, free zones, minority rights, loan payments, property damages, labor problems, the exchange of populations, and many other vexatious matters.

Situated at The Hague, The Netherlands, the Permanent Court of International Justice operates as does any well-organized court. Its 15 judges—men of superior legal competence and unimpeachable integrity from different countries—try cases in public hearings. The Court's functions are prescribed by the Statute establishing it, but the judges devise the rules of procedure, elect a president and vice-president, and appoint a registrar. Its official languages are English and French.

What does the World Court do? It exercises jurisdiction of two kinds, the first of which is in contentious cases. Any nation may submit such a case only if all the nations concerned have agreed to accept the Court's decision as binding and final. Thus, even if the United States had ratified the Protocol of Signature—thereby recognizing the Court's jurisdiction—no case on the war debts owed to the United States of America, for

example, could have been tried without its consent.

A country may recognize the Court's jurisdiction either by accepting it in submitting a special case or by signing a treaty or convention giving it obligatory jurisdiction over specified kinds of cases. There are at least 529 such agreements, the most important of which probably is the so-called Optional Clause signed by 39 nations. In the misunderstanding growing out of the collision of the *Lotus*, a French steamer, and the *Boz-Kourt*, a Turkish collier, Turkey accepted the Court's jurisdiction in a specific case. On the other hand, obligatory jurisdiction was recognized by The Netherlands and Belgium in the case concerning diversion of the waters of the Meuse.

The Permanent Court of International Justice also may act upon requests for advisory opinions submitted by the Assembly or Council of the League of Nations. However, it may decline to give such an opinion, as it did in 1923 in the Eastern Carelian Case, which concerned a dispute between Finland and Russia in which the latter refused to recognize the Court's jurisdiction. Particularly significant among advisory opinions given was that declaring the customs regime created between Austria and Germany in 1931 to be incompatible with an earlier agreement signed by Austria.

Decisions of the Court—made after a public hearing at which a majority of the 15 judges are present—are based on several factors. Briefly, they are international conventions, international customs, general principles of law, judicial decisions, and the teachings of distinguished authorities on international law. From these decisions there is no appeal, although dissenting judges may deliver separate opinions.

But these factors have a common de-

*The Permanent Court of International Justice in session at The Peace Palace, The Hague, The Netherlands.*

nominator—justice—which men through the ages have striven, first, to establish and, then, to maintain. Strong-arm tactics have been replaced by courts of law in communities composed of individuals, so why not in communities of nations? That question was asked by Pierre Dubois, a Frenchman, back in 1305 and by Emeric Crucé, also a Frenchman, in 1623. For centuries men continued to ask that question, but until about 40 years ago no one had answered it with significant action.

When the Permanent Court of Arbitration was established in 1899 by the First Peace Conference at The Hague and modified by the Second Peace Conference in 1907, it was neither permanent nor a court. Instead it was a panel from which to constitute tribunals. Delegates to the 1907 Conference, therefore, drafted a plan for a Permanent Court of Arbitral Justice, but they struck a snag when they tried to devise a scheme for electing judges. Efforts to get around this obstacle between 1907 and 1914 failed. Consequently, when the World War broke out, there was no juridical machinery by which to adjudicate differences between nations.

When the World War was ended, the Permanent Court of International Justice was provided for in Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Subsequently the Protocol of Signature to which the Statute of the Court was appended was signed by 57 of 65 nations. Of these only seven have failed to ratify.

**T**HE League of Nations exercises no authority over the Permanent Court of International Justice. True, its Council and Assembly elect the 15 judges every nine years, but the judges are nominated by the national groups in the Permanent Court of Arbitration. It also provides a budget of a little more than \$600,000 a year for the judges' salaries and other expenses. But the League of Nations cannot change the Statute of the Court; that must be done directly by the nations which signed the Protocol of Signature.

Men may build the future upon faith or upon fear, use the machinery of justice or the machinery of bloodshed. What choice they make depends not upon the machinery, but upon the men. And if we want peace now and for all time, we must face the crisis-crowded future, knowing that today's decisions are tomorrow's destinies.

# Children at Play the World Over

**P**LAY is creative. While it is Nature's "pop-off valve" for children's irrepressible energies, it is more—it is a builder of habits, of skills, of imagination. It helps youngsters discover their abilities and learn how to get along with other people. And, as a result, their personalities emerge. Of course, boys and girls need room for play, but providing that is a job for adults. In many communities Rotarians, for example, have provided and equipped playgrounds. Given wholesome surroundings, boys and girls need not be taught *what* or *how* to play, for they will take care of that themselves—as pictures on this and the next two pages show.

*A double-decker ice-cream cone in the hand is a signal for "time out" in any activity. Of several techniques in consuming cones, the approach of the American lad (circle) is one of the most popular. . . . It's fun to ride "piggy-back" think young Chinese (right).*

Photos: (below & right) Ewing Galloway



Photo: (above) Harold Lambert



*Youngsters in Mexico City (above) go to church on Corpus Christi Day dressed in Indian market costumes.*

Photo: Ferdinand S. Hirsch



*Wielding their colorful battledores vigorously, Japanese children (below) spend many hours playing shuttlecock.*



Photo: Fritz Henle from Black Star

*To all English boys—like the batsman (left)—there is no sport that is so popular as the ancient game of cricket.*



Photo: Ewing Galloway

*Bright spherical balls made of baked clay, glass, agate, marble, and other materials—when used in the game of marbles—intrigue boys the world around. However, unlike brother enthusiasts in many nations, this Ceylonese (above) uses both of his hands when he makes a shot.*

Photos: (below) Ferdinand S. Hirsch; (right) Ewing Galloway



Making decorations for holiday festivals thrills Polish youngsters (above). . . . Certain to delight these Uruguayan tots (top) is a ride in a pony cart.



Photos: (above) Ferdinand S. Hirsch; (circle) Publishers Photo Service; (right) Australian National Travel Assn.

Dressed in their Sunday best, these Swedish children (above) are starting out for a picnic in the country. . . . Skiing is a favorite sport of Swiss girls (circle)—here waiting for a race to start.



Photo: (left) Ewing Galloway

Dutch maids (left)—like many other little girls—play ring-around-a-rosy. . . . An Australian child (above) makes a friend.



Photos: (left) Straits Times; (below) Burton Holmes from Ewing Galloway



All boys like to take part in acrobatic feats; Singapore boys (top left) are no exception. . . . French Boy Scouts (above) rest after climbing the Pyrenees.



Photo: Ferdinand S. Hirsch

Maori boys of New Zealand (circle) like nothing better than to "take a dip"—unless it's diving for stray pennies. "Five-stones" is a popular game among the boys (above) living in French Morocco.



Photos: (above) Publishers' Photo Service; (right) Keystone

Young Canadians (above) are toboggan enthusiasts. . . . Greek children (right) have their special brand of bean porridge cold.



# Meet the Clubs-of-the-Year!

## —A Report on Rotary Service

### Winners of the Contest for 1937-38

#### Club Service

**FIRST:** Rochester, New York

**SECOND:** Toronto, Ontario, Canada

*Honorable Mention:* Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada; Manila, The Philippines; Dewsbury, England; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Niles, California

#### Vocational Service

**FIRST:** Manila, The Philippines

**SECOND:** Prosser, Washington

*Honorable Mention:* East Cleveland, Ohio; Lima, Peru; Meriden, Connecticut; Loveland, Colorado; Folkestone, England

#### Community Service

**FIRST:** Yorkton, Saskatchewan, Canada

**SECOND:** Fort Lauderdale, Florida

*Honorable Mention:* Johannesburg, Union of South Africa; Waurika, Oklahoma; Medicine Hat, Alberta, Canada; New Orleans, Louisiana; Lima, Peru

#### International Service

**FIRST:** Ithaca, New York

**SECOND:** Lima, Peru

*Honorable Mention:* Buffalo, New York; San Antonio, Texas; Washington, District of Columbia; Morrisville, Pennsylvania; Warrnambool, Australia

**E**IGHT Rotary Clubs in four nations won first- and second-place honors, and 20 Rotary Clubs in seven nations won honorable mention, in the Club-of-the-Year Contest for 1937-38, according to final report from the judges (see box above for the winners).

Tangible recognition of these triumphs—in the form of artistic bronze plaques for the eight Clubs and certificates for the 20—will soon be dispatched for presentation to the winners as gifts from THE ROTARIAN, sponsor of the competition.

Building upon interest evoked by the first Club-of-the-Year Contest held in the previous Rotary year, the 1937-38 Contest drew 63 percent more entries than its forerunner. Asia, Africa, Australia, Europe, South America, North America—in short, all habitable continents—were represented among the Clubs which entered the lists of the friendly rivalry.

What started the Club-of-the-Year idea was some thinking that ran like this: Here's a small Rotary Club which for ten years has sponsored a monthly clinic for crippled children. Does anyone know much about this fine work? Just a few local folks. And there's a big Club that has given the lie direct to the idea that intimate fellowship is impossible in large memberships. And maybe in between them is a middle-sized Club that has built a spirit of real coöperation on Main Street or has led its city in serious studies of international problems. No end to such stories, but too often they are known only locally. Wouldn't a contest to find the best of such stories give

deserved recognition, spread good ideas, and stimulate a wholesome and sporting rivalry? Many thought it would, and two short years have demonstrated that it could—and has.



Photo: Wallinger



Photo: Robson



The judges, a trio of veteran Rotarians: (from top down)—

Past President Adams; Past Director Emerson; Past Vice-President Sellers.

This year's Contest had four divisions, one for each of Rotary's four lanes of service. In each were named first place, second place, and five honorable mentions. The Community Service section—to get back to the statistical "break-down" of the 1937-38 Contest—drew more than half the total number of Contest entries. International Service came second, Club Service third, and Vocational Service fourth. Entries travelling the greatest distance to the Contest Editor's desk came from Australia and South Africa. The smallest Club to win has 22 members; the largest, 417.

The three Rotarians named by the Magazine Committee to judge the Contest were W. W. Emerson, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, a Past International Director; Donald A. Adams, New Haven, Connecticut, a Past International President; and O. B. Sellers, Fort Worth, Texas, a Past International Vice-President.

Scoring of the manuscripts was objective and detailed, each judge independently rating each manuscript on a point system which measured (in Club Service, for instance): "Probable value of Club activity or activities to the members as individuals; probable value of activity or activities to the Club; probable value of activity or activities as a contribution of Club toward realization of Rotary's First Object." As announced at the beginning of the Contest, entries were not judged on their literary merit, but solely on the facts they related.

Digests of the entries which placed first and second in each of the four divisions appear on this page and the three following pages.

## —And a New Contest

*Close upon the heels of the 1937-38 Contest, which with the above report of winners reaches its climax and conclusion, comes news of a new Contest for 1938-39. With the authorization of Rotary's Board of Directors, THE ROTARIAN will sponsor a Club-of-the-Year Contest for the current Rotary year, its general form and aim to be the same as in previous Contests. It will be open to all Rotary Clubs in the world, regardless of size, location, or age, and all stand an equal opportunity to win. Rotary Clubs everywhere are urged to make plans now to enter this amiable Contest—complete details of which will appear in a forthcoming issue of THE ROTARIAN. Handsome trophies for the first- and second-place winners will again be the prizes.*



## Club Service

### First—Rochester, New York

Down nine broad channels of service the Rotary Club of Rochester advanced Rotary's First Object in 1937-38. It provided 143 speakers to other Rotary Clubs within a radius of 75 miles, a service entirely free to the Clubs involved.

All incoming members attended free of charge a dinner meeting of the Information Committee which is set up to instruct in every phase of Rotary. A brief talk on Rotary philosophy, and questions and answers comprise a typical program.

The above group, also called "The Rochester Flying Squadron," performed a like service for 21 other Rotary Clubs without expense to them. The "Squadron" required only that the meetings be evening ones, and that members agree to stay through the program.

All regular luncheon programs—45 featuring speakers of wide renown and seven presenting vital Rotary topics—were broadcast over Station WHAM and thus had a country-wide coverage. Several neighboring Rotary Clubs set up loud-speakers in their own meeting places and thus cost-free enjoyed speakers who cost the Rochester Club from \$50 to \$150 apiece.

For the 17th consecutive time the Club staged its annual intercity dinner, inviting the 150 Clubs within a 150-mile area; also inviting all former Governors of several Rotary Districts. These dinners have drawn from 55 to 104 Clubs and attendances running from 700 to 939. Nine of the dinners have been addressed by Presidents or Past Presidents of Rotary International.

Fellowship meetings were held monthly throughout the Winter, Spring, and Fall in the homes of both new and old members. The average number of members in each group was ten or 12. Programs follow these lines: dinner, a talk on Rotary, questions and answers.

The Club maintained a bowling league, which met weekly from October

to May with an average attendance of 70 to 75. This has proved exceptionally valuable for newer members. Golf tournaments, in which some 40 participated not only locally but with other Rotary Clubs, were also provided.

Knowing a big Club's opportunity to stimulate interest among smaller ones, and being almost in the center of some 20 small Clubs, the Rotary Club of Rochester sent groups of from three to ten members to their regular meetings, and from 20 to 50 members to their evening and intercity gatherings.

Members ill at home or in hospitals received (1) a letter of encouragement from the Secretary, (2) a flowering plant, (3) a visit from the Sick Visitation Committee, one at a time. When affliction entered members' homes, a letter and flowers were sent. Each member received a letter on his birthday at his place of business. Any member who received special honor or promotion was sent a letter of congratulation.

### Second—Toronto, Ont., Canada

Club Service went forward in the Rotary Club of Toronto during 1937-38 under the direction and impetus of several important Committees all working in harmony and with unity of purpose.

The Classifications and Membership Committee, which met weekly, dealt with many revisions in classifications and with some 50 membership proposals. It required the proposed member to meet with his proposer and two members of the Committee for a detailed discussion of Rotary, its history, aims and objects, and the responsibilities of the member. The interview determined the correctness of the classification of the proposed member and prepared him for membership obligations. The Committee maintained a file of unfilled classifications and obtained membership proposals to fill many.

The Fellowship Committee, with a registered membership of 83, met once each week for luncheon and conducted a prearranged program of fellowship and Rotary education. These meetings were honored by the attendance of Rotarians from every Province of Canada, from nearly every part of the British Empire, from most of the United States, from many of the countries of Continental Europe, and from Japan and China. The Committee carried on its plan of special meetings, remembered the birthdays of Club members, maintained ties of friendship with some 200 involuntary past Rotarians, and frequently served visitors in some special way.

The Program Committee met weekly with an average attendance of 26. The

routine practice was to criticize frankly the previous Club meeting and to discuss in detail programs of future meetings, with a definite objective of fully planned programs for meetings four to six weeks in advance. Fifty interesting and informative Club programs were planned and conducted by the Committee. Outstanding were the Club's Silver Anniversary Meeting, the Old Folks Meeting, Ladies' Day, Sons' and Daughters' Day, Kiwanis Day, Soldiers' Day, and the meeting in which Maurice Duperrey, then President of Rotary International, paid an official visit to the Club. On 16 programs the speaker was a member of the Club.

The Attendance Committee carried the Club to its highest attendance record, a record that exceeded that of every other Club in the same class in every month of the year and in the year as a whole.

The Spokes Committee, functioning for the first time in 1937-38, gave members experience and instruction in public speaking. Practice was offered in presiding, in debate, in the delivery of both impromptu and prepared addresses.

No Committee made a worthier contribution to Club Service than did the Fraternal Committee. Keeping constantly in touch with the sick and bereaved by expressions of sympathy through flowers, fruit, magazines, letters of condolence, and personal calls, this Committee brought comfort, hope, and cheer to many.



## Vocational Service\*

### First—Manila, The Philippines

Vocational Service activities of the Rotary Club of Manila, particularly those related to vocational guidance, have given it a distinctly unique position throughout The Philippines.

To make their vocations mean more to them than "just another classification," members were earlier asked to make analyses of their jobs, and to record the same within a prescribed outline. This outline assured that their reports would

be useful to the thousands of secondary and college students who were blindly choosing study courses. At that time there was not one group of educators in the country devoting its thought to guidance problems in the schools.

The Club's initial step was to organize an interested group—from which has evolved the Rotary-sponsored National Vocational Guidance Association, which serves as an advisory body to the Government's National Council of Education. Thirty-one booklets on professions and careers have been written, edited, printed, and distributed to date, the Rotary Club underwriting the cost. Over 400 school and college libraries, as well as 54 world centers abroad, have been the recipients. During the year eight more booklets were added to the list and the distribution passed the 40,000 mark. Eighteen booklets deal with particular occupations, such as accounting, law, and real estate. One covered 115 occupations. Two, by the Rotarian Mayor of Manila and the Vice-President of The Philippines, challenge the needs for vocational education and guidance. Two were written to awaken the public to guidance problems. One lists an up-to-date reference library. Four deal with practical and theoretical guidance methods in occupational selection.

A survey made in 1937-38 shows that these booklets have been reprinted in no less than a score of metropolitan newspapers, magazines, and student journals, and have been used as reference material and required reading in school vocational groups. Teachers use them for counseling. Principals read them in convocations. Also, they are "first-aid help" in answering problems of young people who have written the Chairman of the Vocational Service Committee over 2,000 letters.

Besides editorial work on the above, the Committee Chairman gave 11 addresses to educational groups on vocational guidance and answered several hundred additional letters evoked by some well-meaning but unasked-for radio publicity. Interviews were given to scores of young people who came to his office and home, several dozen of the most worthy being referred for further advice to eight other Rotarian "counselors" who, in addition to nine Committee members, have been quietly cooperating behind the scenes. Also, the Chairman was invited by the Chief of Staff of The Philippine Army to attend a half-day conference on the problems of vocationalizing (not on national-defense matters) the Army work among the 40,000 young men in training camps.

Eight illuminating addresses during

the year stressed Vocational Service, and the entire Club made two excursion visits—one to a brewery plant and another to a trade exposition.

Nine Rotarians and 31 Government bureau heads attended a series of three conferences called by the Committee Chairman to grapple with questions concerning the future of industry in The Philippines and vocational training in the public-school system.

### Second—Prosser, Washington

The promotion of a biennial Vocational Guidance Conference, a joint project of the Rotary Club and the Senior High School, was the Prosser Club's major contribution to Vocational Service in 1937-38. The two-day conference was so conducted that students, adult leaders, and the entire community received extraordinary value.

Under an efficient division of responsibility, school authorities arranged mechanical features and instructed students and teachers in their opportunities and obligations. They selected and submitted 40 representative occupations for discussion, helped students choose eight panel discussions to attend, and trained student chairmen and student leaders for these 40 sections.

The Rotary Club secured the adult leadership for the conference, obtaining the services of 44 business and professional leaders from a wide area. Speakers gave 128 hours of time cost-free and travelled 3,572 miles to and from the conference at their own expense.

Each day of the conference opened and closed with a general assembly of inspirational nature. The intervening hours were filled with carefully timed and planned small-group discussions, each devoted to a given vocation.

Contact work with neighboring Rotary Clubs, other service clubs, and chambers of commerce—all of which were helpful in supplying leaders—was conducted by the Prosser Club working through its Vocational Service Committee, which also helped draft initial plans. Committee members approached prospective speakers with a clear and complete outline of the Conference and their possible parts in

\*It will be noted that the major project of each winner in this division lay in the field of vocational guidance. Under a strict interpretation, vocational guidance classifies as Community Service rather than as Vocational Service (except when it concerns sponsorship of Rotary Vocational Bookshelves). However, in each of these Clubs vocational guidance was the specific responsibility of the Vocational Service Committee and the two entries were judged on that basis, the consensus being that who did the work was of less importance than that it was done. In future Club-of-the-Year Contests, however, the judges will reserve the right to reclassify any entry reporting activities that do not fall within the division of service to which Rotary International assigns them.—THE EDITORS.

it. Individual letters of thanks were sent to each adult leader.

To give the conference finished effect, detailed and attractive programs were drafted. These included welcome remarks from the sponsors, the names and identifications of adult speakers, an outline of the two-day program, and instructions on conducting the sections. Every likely question about places, events, and hours was answered in the program, a copy of which went to each pupil, speaker, and guest.



## Community Service

### First—Yorkton, Sask., Canada

Through more than a dozen separate activities sponsored in youth's behalf and through more than a score of projects advanced for civic betterment in general—here reported in telegraphic style—the Rotary Club of Yorkton carried Community Service forward in 1937-38.

The Club initiated a youth-training movement, which with governmental aid gives training in various occupations. . . . At its own expense, gave any doctor in the city permission to issue orders on any drugstore for cod-liver oil for any child needing it. . . . Helped the local Red Cross furnish glasses for underprivileged children. . . . Provided gymnasium membership for 75 children. . . . Paid camp fees for needy Boy Scouts and assisted the Scouts Association in any matter on which it asked help. . . . Presented Rotary shield and individual cups to winning stock-judging team at Annual Fair Farm Boys Camp. . . . Entertained members of the Beef and Swine Club, allowing the young men and women to run the meeting.

The Club presented cups to the winning teams in public schools' hockey tournaments. . . . Donated \$25 toward the cost of an open-air rink which is open to all youth for skating and hockey. . . . Assisted in cost of transportation of juvenile and midget hockey teams to play-offs for the Province. . . . Distrib-

uted Rotary pamphlets to fathers around the city to help them approach their boys on health and sex matters. . . . Obtained a prominent speaker on youth's problems for father-and-son and father-and-daughter banquet. . . . Assisted the committee already set up for the further development of a sports field for youth. . . . Maintained kiddies playground and paddling pool erected by the Club. . . . Contributed to the Empty Stocking Fund.

For the community in general, the Club donated three prizes for the best vegetable gardens and three prizes for the best vegetable display at the annual flower show. . . . Presented a cup for a Beautify Your Home Contest for Rotary members only. . . . Staged a minstrel show. . . . Held public-speaking classes for anyone above high-school age. . . . Held first-aid classes once a week which were attended by ladies and schoolteachers, members of the fire department and police department, and others. . . . Sponsored a Rotary bridge club which met at the homes of members, to which non-members were invited. . . . Participated in annual Lions and Rotary bridge competition. . . . Held a golf tournament with the Lions Club. . . . Worked through a committee with the city's parks committee in planning more parks and playgrounds. . . . Entertained Mayor and aldermen on the first day of their ascent to office. . . . Attended the annual banquet of the board of trade in a body, a yearly custom of the Club. . . . Held an annual joint meeting with the Lions Club. . . . Assisted members' wives in their part-sponsorship of benefit teas. . . . Celebrated the Club's annual farmers' banquet. . . . Entertained all members of the board of a fair, and all judges and prominent stock breeders, and maintained a rest lounge in the fair's exhibition hall. . . . Contributed to the "Legion Poppy Fund."

For the 12th year the Club maintained the local Rotary library, loaning out in 1937-38 a total of 10,194 books and adding 602 new books. New quarters with an added reading room were obtained during the year and the services of a competent librarian were retained.

### Second—Fort Lauderdale, Florida

While the Rotary Club of Fort Lauderdale spent \$946 in Community Service activity in 1937-38 and while local Rotarians heading community drives helped to raise or finance projects in excess of \$75,000, the Club's chief service has been supplying leadership and manpower and building community morale.

The Club set up a Vocational Guidance Department, which teaches both theory and practice, for the local high school, and furnished a library of vocational books at a cost of \$50. It contributed \$50 to the Children's Home Society; helped set up and finance the city's Summer playground schedule; sponsored a welcome-home celebration for Miss Katherine Rawls, national swimming champion; outfitted a State spelling champion for a trip to a national contest; helped to pay for the high-school swimming team's trip to a State meet; and helped finance the school band.

Joining with other civic groups, the Club helped to obtain a new grandstand, field lights, and new sod for a school athletic field. The Club gave \$100, members provided eight trucks for hauling the equipment, and helped in actual assembly of the grandstand. It contributed \$100 to Scout work and furnished the chairman and several captains for the annual Scout drive. Three Rotarians revived Sea Scouting in Fort Lauderdale in 1937-38 and one of them offered the use of his 47-foot schooner.

As a Club and as individuals, Fort Lauderdale Rotarians sent six underprivileged children to a welfare camp, standing all expenses. To the outstanding boy and girl scholars in the high school the Club gave silver goblets bearing the Rotary wheel, and to the school presented a plaque on which the names of such annual winners will be engraved. The largest musical organization ever to play in the city, a Works Progress Administration 100-piece symphony orchestra, was brought here by the Club for a public concert.

The chairman and one other member of a five-man commission named to finance and administer a new \$60,000 hospital were local Rotarians. The Club supplied an operating-room lamp at a cost of \$85. Three doctor members of the Club gave continuous medical and surgical service to underprivileged without cost.

To the Third Annual International Aquatic Forum the Club gave \$50, furnishing many leaders also. To the Salvation Army it gave \$140 and, with that organization, provided 32 six-dollar Thanksgiving baskets. The local Milk Fund received \$55. The Club sponsored the planting of a Rotary grove of trees as a part of a golf-course beautification program, furnished judges and prizes for a model-airplane meet, and loaned a model-airplane club \$85 to purchase a truck to carry models to contests.

Interested in the welfare of Florida's Seminole Indians, Club members bought

clothes for young Seminole students, adopted a resolution urging Federal grant of lands for Seminoles, and sent miniature Seminole dolls advertising the community to Rotary's San Francisco Convention.

With the neighboring Rotary Clubs of Belle Glade and Pahokee, the Fort Lauderdale Club sponsored a goodwill motorcade of 200 cars to inland cities, celebrating the completion of a new highway to the coast.

The Club maintains for itself a membership in the Chamber of Commerce, and almost all the Club members are members of the Chamber. Seven of the 13 members of its governing board are Rotarians.

Nineteen weekly programs stressed special Community Service themes, most of them with pertinent local significance. A talk on conservation of fish and game, for instance, evoked great interest.



## International Service

### First—Ithaca, New York

Of the 16 projects through which International Service moved forward in the Rotary Club of Ithaca in 1937-38, some were continuous undertakings, others experimental ones searching for new and better methods of attack on this phase of Rotary service. Past activity of the Club has brought a considerable number of inquiries from other Rotary Clubs relative to methods and results, all of which have been answered promptly.

The Club held 16 meetings on international subjects, including one on religious tolerance—seven by members and international guests, and nine by others.

Following custom, all "foreign" students of Cornell University remaining in Ithaca for the holidays were entertained. There were present 42 guests from ten countries, not including the Club's regular "international guests."

Continuing a plan developed in this Club, 19 students from nine lands were

selected as "international guests" for the academic year. The International Service Committee took steps to promote this plan in four other countries.

Members are encouraged to bring other guests from foreign lands whenever feasible. During the year these came from 16 countries.

International-guest students provided two programs. They, with other foreign students whose services were enlisted, furnished programs to four other Clubs and to two other organizations.

Of a total of 83 programs furnished other Rotary Clubs by this Club during the year, 39 were on International Service themes. Members discussed international topics before 12 organizations other than Rotary Clubs. Two programs were presented to the local high-school assembly.

As reported last year, the Club subscribed \$400 to the Rotary Foundation. The annual amount, \$40, was paid during the past year. One member continued his subscription.

THE ROTARIAN was sent to international guests, honorary members, and the local library, considered as primarily International Service.

Member Frank Phillips served in 1937-38 as a member of Rotary International's Committee on Conference with the International Auxiliary Language Association.

A member of the Club addressed Conferences in three Districts and Assemblies in three Districts on International Service.

Each Winter Cornell University holds a special school for missionaries on furlough, not a Rotary activity. During 1938, those attending were addressed or otherwise aided by five members of the Club. A special dinner and evening entertainment were arranged by two members of the Committee.

Members are prominent in organizations outside Rotary pertaining to international affairs. Two are members of the faculty committee on foreign students; seven members and one international guest are directors of the International Association of Ithaca, which operates the Cosmopolitan Club; and three members and five international guests are members of the board of the Cosmopolitan Club (the members being all the adult male members). One Rotarian is on the board of "Cornell-in-China."

One member attended the Rotary Institute, one the International Assembly, and three the Convention. One member was on the Council on Legislation.

Members Harry H. Love and Frank Phillips each addressed ten Institutes of International Understanding (as ar-

ranged by Rotary International). In each community they spoke to the local high-school assembly and to the evening community meeting, and in some instances to the local Rotary Club.

Three miniature Institutes of International Understanding in which all speakers were provided by this Club were held in 1937-38—at Waverly, Owego, and Groton, all near Ithaca. The Rotary Club in each of the cities was the sponsor. These Institutes were the successful fruition of an earlier experiment.

The most important experiment of the year was the Conference on International Service. Devoted exclusively to international problems and the relation of Rotary to them, it was attended by 34 Rotarians from 15 Clubs in four Districts. Sessions were held Friday evening, three on Saturday, and one Sunday morning, closing with dinner Sunday noon.

### Second—Lima, Peru

International Service activities of the Rotary Club of Lima during 1937-38 covered a broad range and stimulated deep interest.

Within the International Service Committee was established a sub-Committee on Inter-District Relations which initiated coöperation and fostered friendship with other Districts of the Rotary world.

On six occasions the Club invited the local diplomatic corps to attend its regular meetings. Other meetings honored the delegates and chiefs of squadrons of the Inter-American Technical Aviation Conference; a mission from the League of Nations; the Foreign Relations Minister of Peru, Dr. Carlos Concha, a member of the Rotary Club of Santiago, Chile.

At one meeting, the membership heard an address by the Ambassador of the United States of America to Peru, and during the year the Club initiated a series of "monthly consular conversations" which strengthened relations with the Consular Board in Lima and also created increased friendliness with the nations represented by the Consuls. Heard in talks before the Club were the Consul Generals of Chile, Ecuador, Uruguay, Mexico, Venezuela, Argentina, and the United States of America.

Five members also addressed the Club on International Service themes during the year. The Club commemorated or paid tributes to Guglielmo Marconi, the scientist, at the time of his death; Rotarians of England and Italy when their nations reinstated international relations; Pan American Day (with a special celebration); "Race Day"; and Rotary's birthday.



## What Is Your 'X'?

**By Frank R. Gerard**

THE after-supper chat around the big log fire had turned into a regular "panning" party. A name had cropped up in the conversation and someone had made a scathing remark about its owner. Another guest recited an incident to confirm the first speaker's opinion of the absent acquaintance . . . and then came the flood. As each guest added his contribution of damning evidence or hearsay, one might have thought it was the very devil himself they were discussing.

Over in one corner sat a large, middle-aged man of kindly countenance. He smoked in silence, making no attempt to join the conversation. Finally, one of the group turned to him and said, "How about it, Mr. Smith? Let's have your opinion. Don't you think he's a rather unpleasant sort of person?"

"Well," he said after a few more puffs on his pipe, during which the others looked eagerly at him for confirmation, "I'll tell you. I hesitate either to agree or to disagree with you because, while I'm acquainted with him to some extent, I don't happen to know what his 'X' is."

A momentary silence fell upon the group. They hadn't expected this.

"What was that?" queried a woman at one end of the couch. "You don't 'know what his 'X' is'? What do you mean?"

Once again attention was focussed on the man in the corner. Comparatively a newcomer among them, he had seemed content to listen while others talked. But there was a twinkle in his eye as he looked at his questioners, and his deep

voice was warm and friendly as he spoke.

"You see," he began, "it's this way. I have found in the course of a fairly eventful life, spent in many places and among various types of people, that it is quite impossible for me to pass fair judgment on another person unless I happen to know what his 'X' is.

"By his 'X' I mean that hidden, unknown quantity which lies behind his character, his opinions, his manners, and his actions generally, and which makes him, like all the rest of us, different from every other person in the world.

"Naturally, other people have certain effects on me, but those effects are part of *me*, they are my reaction to him, and that is something which is determined by my *own* 'X.' My reaction does not, by any means, supply me with information concerning *his* 'X' which I must have before I can pass judgment upon him."

Again a brief silence followed his words. Though spoken quietly, they seemed to convey a queer yet penetrating meaning to the minds of his listeners. Here was something unusual, yet undeniably interesting.

"But," inquired a man on the other side of the half circle about the fire, "just what is this 'X'—this unknown quantity?"

"Ah," smiled the big man, "who knows? It may be an overdeveloped or underdeveloped gland of some sort; it may be a badly functioning liver or a poor digestive apparatus; it may be a nagging wife, a frustrated ambition, or

merely a bad habit of speaking first and thinking afterward.

"The chances are that all of us have several 'X's,'" he elaborated. "It doesn't really matter, because we can't possibly know much about them in others except in rare cases. I am merely saying that without knowing what a person's 'X' is, we are in no position to pass judgment."

"The best we can do is to examine our own reactions to him, and that involves ourselves, not him. A hundred blind men might feel the leg of an elephant and agree that the elephant was shaped like a tree, but that wouldn't make it so. It would merely mean that they were ignorant of all the other factors that go to make up an elephant."

"MY!" exclaimed the woman on the couch, leaning back among the cushions. "Isn't that an interesting idea? I have never thought of that before. I'm sure I have an 'X'—several of them. There are lots of things about me that others don't know. I suppose that must be true of everyone. It makes me realize how foolish it is to judge other people."

"Yes," concluded the big man, "without having that 'key' to a person's character which I call his 'X,' I think we presume a good deal in attempting to pass judgment on him. Conclusions based on our impressions are apt to be extremely unfair, if not entirely wrong. That's why, when I'm asked to join a chorus of disapproval, I find it safer to say, 'Sorry, but I don't happen to know what his "X" is.'"

# As the Wheel Turns

*Notes about Rotary personages and events of special Rotary interest*

**MEN AT WORK.** While in hundreds of homes throughout the world Rotarians' families hold exciting parleys on Rotary's 1939 Convention in Cleveland and how to get to it, a not-so-small army of men in the Ohio city itself is at work daily on plans to make every hour of the visitors' stay pleasant and memorable when they arrive. The headquarters of this corps of Convention builders is the 1939 Convention Office which CONVENTION MANAGER HOWARD FEIGNER opened in Cleveland's Hotel Statler February 1. This office is also the office of the Host Club Executive Committee, of which ROTARIAN JAMES G. CARD is Chairman, and of all Committees of the Cleveland Rotary Club concerned with Convention plans. The dates of the coming annual reunion, don't forget, are June 19-23.

**President.** As these pages go to press, Rotary's PRESIDENT AND MRS. GEORGE C. HAGER are completing the first third of a nine-week air tour among Rotary Clubs of Latin America (see the *Rotarian Almanack*, page 52). At their journey's end they will have visited every country in Central and South America, and also Mexico and Cuba. They are scheduled to attend

pinned together Miss MIRIAM NORTON-JOWITT, of Sydney, Australia, and ROTARIAN ALBERT ENGLAND HOFFMANN, of Hannibal, Mo. They were married last September. He also arranged that BEN H. MITCHELL, son of a Rotarian of Dallas, Tex., and a young lady from Munich, Germany, should meet on an ocean liner westward bound after the Convention. They were married some months later.

**Mission.** DR. ALEX. O. POTTER, a member of the Rotary Club of Kitchener-Waterloo, Ont., Canada, has recently been called upon to render an important service for Rotary International in the Orient. As Honorary Assistant to the General Secretary of Rotary International, he will confer with seven Rotary District Governors and visit some of the 140 Clubs in Japan, China, The Philippines, Malaya, Netherlands East Indies, and India. His mission is to assist in consolidating and arranging for the further extension of the Rotary movement in Asia. Active in Rotary work in his Club and in the administration of Rotary International for 15 years, DR. POTTER was European Secretary in charge of the office at Zurich, Switzerland, for a long period.

**Candidacies.** Announcements of candidacies for office in Rotary International for 1938-39 reported to the Secretariat to date include: *For the office of President:* WALTER D. HEAD, of Montclair, N. J.; AMOS O. SQUIRE, of Ossining, N. Y. *For the office of Director:* ED. R. BENTLEY, of Lakeland, Fla.; CHARLES N. CADWALLADER, of Lincoln, Nebr.; CHARLES E. GRAHAM, of El Paso, Tex.; MORTON D. HULL, of Holyoke, Mass.; J. EDD McLAUGHLIN, of Ralls, Tex.; E. W. PALMER, of Kingsport, Tenn.; MARVIN PARK, of Beverly Hills, Calif.; WILLIAM McC. PAXTON, of Norfolk, Va.; JOHN M. PFEL, of Swissvale, Pa.; O. O. THOMPSON, of Newport, Ky.; ROY J. WEAVER, of Pueblo, Colo.; JEFF WILLIAMS, of Chickasha, Okla.; CARL ZAPFE, of Brainerd, Minn. Each of these candidacies was announced by the Rotary Club of the Rotarian proposed. (See item under *Board*, page 51, for nominations for Directors from outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda, and Great Britain and Ireland.)

**Institute.** Its value established in the two previous years, the Rotary Institute for present and past officers of Rotary International is to be held again this year, meeting simultaneously with the International Assembly. The setting of both is to be White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., and the dates, the week of June 12. Fellowship activities of the Assembly and Institute will be held jointly, according to plans under way.

**Diamond Maker.** Elsewhere in this issue you may read the fabulous tale of digging for diamonds in Africa. Right here you may read

about a Rotarian in Kansas—DR. J. W. HERSHEY, by name—who has a machine that *makes* diamonds, real ones. But keep your seats—the largest one he has ever made is about the size of a pinhead and its commercial value is about \$5. He makes them by heating carbon and iron to 3,000° Centigrade in an electric furnace and then cooling the mass rapidly. The pressure formed by the cooling results in a clear stone. This process of making diamonds merely duplicates Nature's, says DR. HERSHEY. He is head of the chemistry department at McPherson College, and is a member of the Rotary Club of McPherson.

**Rovers.** In the inside coat pockets of many Rotarians scattered here and there in the Rotary world are small blue notebooks labelled *Rotary Rover's Record*. With these books they keep track of what Rotary Clubs they visit and when. They were given the books as souvenirs when they visited the Rotary Club of Lewiston, N. Y.—Queenston, Ont., Canada.

**Analysis.** The 76 members of the Rotary Club of Riga, Latvia, have lived a total of 3,857 years. That makes the average age 50 years and 9 months. What induced Riga Rotarians to start such a statistical analysis was an incident that occurred on a Club outing. Some of the members began to scale a steep river bank. Others tarried below, protesting that they were too old for such exertion. And thus SECRETARY P. LEJINS was asked "to come with a little report" on just how old Riga Rotarians are. He found, besides the total and average age, that the age range is from 29 years to 69 years; that 75 percent are 45 years or over and that 25 percent are under 45; and that, according to decennaries, the members are distributed as follows: 20 to 29, 1 member; 30 to 39, 9 members; 40 to 49, 20 members; 50 to 59, 32 members; 60 to 69, 14 members.

**Extension.** In the first half of the current Rotary year, 129 new Clubs were admitted to membership in Rotary International. Their distribution was as follows: Africa (south of equator), 1; Asia, 7; Australia and New Zealand, 9; Continental Europe, 13; Great Britain and Ireland, 11; Latin America, 27; United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, 61.

**Honors.** ROTARIAN L. T. HALL, of Windsor, Va., has been reelected secretary of Ruritan



*Golden-wedding anniversary congratulations to Rotarian and Mrs. Louis Rosenbaum, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

a number of District Conferences en route, and at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, PRESIDENT HAGER will give particular attention to preparations for holding Rotary's 1940 Convention in that city. PRESIDENT HAGER's visit is the first to be made to Rotary Clubs in South America by a Rotary President from North America during his term of office. The Presidential couple will return to their Chicago home about April 8.

**Twice Called.** JAMES W. WOODFORD is the present President of the Rotary Club of Seattle, Wash., but this isn't the first time he has held that kind of office. He was President of the Rotary Club of Tulsa, Okla., in 1923-24. Among Past Presidents of the Seattle Club is another Rotarian who has been President of another Club. Wichita, Kans., Rotarians remember FLORIS NAGELVOORT as their President in 1921-22. Seattle Rotarians recall his year as their President in 1930-31.

**Man with the Darts.** He never bothers to register, but he seldom misses a Rotary Convention. He's that chubby little fellow with the bow and arrow—Dan Cupid. At least it comes out now that he was definitely on hand at Rotary's 1937 Convention in Nice, France, and on boats plying to and from it . . . and found the shooting good. With one dart he

*The Rotarian here impaling a sizzling frankfurter on a fork is Ed. S. Miller, of Omaha, Nebr. The background is a part of a 112-acre area which he and his wife and sons gave for a Scout camp which serves Scouts in 24 counties of Nebraska.*





*On this giant Rotary wheel beside which stands its builder, Rotarian Wilbur White, the Rotary Club of Monticello, Ark., keeps tab on attendance. On it is a light for each member. If he's present, it glows.*

HARRIS, Founder of Rotary and President Emeritus of Rotary International.

**Board.** With nine of its 14 members present, the Board of Directors of Rotary International held its second meeting of 1938-39 in the Central Office of the Secretariat in January. DIRECTORS NILS H. PARMANN, FRANCISCO MARSEILLAN, AGRIPIA POPESCU, G. M. VERRALL REED, and CARLOS P. ROMULO were unable to attend. There follows a sketch of some of the work done.

The Board reviewed the finances of Rotary International and noted the healthy condition of these finances. . . . Effective July 1, 1939, the Board established a South American Committee of Collaboration which shall be composed of representatives of the Rotary Clubs of the countries of Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, Paraguay, Peru, Venezuela, and Uruguay. This Committee shall be of an advisory character only and shall consider only matters pertaining to Rotary in South American countries. . . . The Board will propose for consideration by the 1939 Convention of Rotary International enactments under the following titles:

To provide more effective methods for the nomination of the President of Rotary International and to generally clarify the provisions relating to the procedure for the nomination and election of officers of Rotary International.

To provide for the nomination of Directors from the U.S.A. by zones.

To permit "senior membership" as an additional class of membership in a Rotary Club.

To clarify the provisions relating to the amending of the standard Club constitution.

To provide that the Conference of a District in an emergency may be held outside the boundaries of the District.

The Board is nominating for election to membership on the Board for 1939-40 these Rotarians from outside the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Great Britain and Ireland: RICHARD R. CURRIE, Johannesburg, South Africa; W. ALLAN ELEY, Singapore, Straits Settlements; JERZY LOTH, Warsaw, Poland; GERONIMO RAMIREZ BROWN, Managua, Nicaragua; B. G. WILDERVANCK DE BLECOURT, Zutphen, The Netherlands.

The Board adopted a plan for the week of November 5, 1939, to be set aside by all Rotary Clubs as a "Rotary Observance Week." . . . The Board elected ROTARIAN HAROLD I. COVAULT, Lorain, Ohio, as Governor of District 157 for the remainder of the current Rotary

year, vice GOVERNOR CHARLES A. HOOT, who has resigned on account of other duties. . . . The Board agreed that, since the Rotarians within the region for a Rotary Pacific Regional Conference are not by any means unanimous in believing that the time is opportune for the holding of such a Conference, a Rotary Pacific Regional Conference shall not be planned for 1939.

The Board adopted a statement of interpretation of the territory of a Rotary Club for the guidance of those engaged in the organization of Rotary Clubs. . . . The Board clarified by amendment the decision which was recorded at its July, 1938, meeting relating to "transferred membership." . . . The Board received with appreciation the observations of the European Advisory Committee that Rotary Clubs in the larger cities in Europe—cities with distinct and separate trade centers capable of sustaining a successful Rotary Club—should, when the existing Club or Clubs approve of it, be encouraged to organize Rotary Clubs in such trade centers.



*Here upon at least \$75,000 worth of horse flesh sits Secretary A. N. Shureen, of the South Pasadena, Calif., Rotary Club. On Ras-El-Ayn, the horse, which is owned by a California ranch, he headed the most recent Tournament of Roses parade.*

These new Districts, effective July 1, 1939, were organized:

The Clubs in Venezuela and the Netherlands West Indies will become District 44; the Clubs in Puerto Rico will become District 45; the Clubs in Bulgaria will become District 86; the Clubs in the 30th and 31st Districts (Argentina, Uruguay, and Paraguay) will become three Districts; the Clubs in the 71st District (Peru) will become two Districts; the Clubs in the 89th District (Afghanistan, Burma, Ceylon, and India) will become two Districts.

The Board amended the Outline of Classifications by deleting the minor classification "Foreign Government Service" and its accompanying explanatory notes, under the major classification "Government" and established the major classification "Foreign Government Service" with an explanatory note.

The Board agreed that the organization of Rotary Clubs shall not be undertaken in communities in isolated places until a definite request for a Rotary Club is received from men within the communities in question. . . . The Board authorized the continuance of the out-post-membership experiment.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD

National, an office he has served for nine years. . . . ROTARIAN IVAN CHAPMAN, of Detroit, Mich., is the new president of the National Commercial Teachers Federation. His immediate predecessor was ROTARIAN GEORGE E. MCCLELLAN, of Cincinnati, Ohio. . . . ROTARIAN T. A. WARREN, of Wolverhampton, England, Immediate Past President of Rotary International in Great Britain and Ireland, was recently appointed a Commander of the Order of the British Empire. . . . ROTARIAN A. C. SPURR, of Fairmont, W. Va., was named Fairmont's "Man of the Year" by the local Rotary Club. The fact of his membership in the Club did not influence his selection, the Club Secretary writes, the choice being based only upon who contributes most to the city. . . . ROTARIAN FRED L. RENTZ, of New Castle, Pa., was named his city's "Distinguished Citizen of 1938" at a banquet and meeting of tribute held in his honor. . . . ROTARIAN EDGAR G. DOUDNA, of Madison, Wis., a Past District Governor, has been elected president of the Wisconsin Education Association for the current year. . . . ROTARIAN DR. C. F. SWEET, of Minot, N. Dak., a pioneer dentist in his State, was recently awarded a high professional honor when a fellowship was bestowed upon him by the International College of Dentists. . . . Upon ROTARIAN AGUSTIN TURNER, of Valparaiso, Chile, was recently conferred the highest honor of the Chilean Government, *El Merito* with the grade of *Comendador*. . . . The Rotary Club of Syracuse, N. Y., honored six of its members for distinguished service to Syracuse life at a recent meeting. The six are MOSES WINKELSTEIN, HURLBUT W. SMITH, DEAN H. C. WEISKOTTEN, DR. WILLIAM GRAHAM, PROFESSOR JAMES A. SHEA, and ROBERT DEY. . . . C. B. JONES, honorary member at Spur, Tex., is the new president of Texas Technological College, at Lubbock. . . . ROTARIAN JAMES F. NATHAN, of the Rotary Club of New York, was honored at a dinner attended by 900 friends and associates when he retired, after 50 years of service, from the Western Union Telegraph Company.

When ROTARIAN COMMISSIONER W. A. MCINTYRE, head of the Salvation Army in Chicago, Ill., and nine Middlewestern States, recently laid aside his uniform to retire after 54 years of service to that organization, he was accorded a civic farewell before a huge crowd. Fine tributes to him and to his wife were paid then and later by local citizens, among them PAUL P.

*One of eight Rotary roadsigns each contributed by members of the family of deceased members of the Rotary Club of Lowell, Mass. On each is an inscription naming the donor.*



## Servicing Rotary Clubs in the Asia Region

Because important decisions with regard to Rotary's Field and Secretariat Service in the Asia Region came out of the January meeting of the Board of Directors, some of the background of Rotary's development in that region will assist the reader toward an understanding of those decisions and of the whole picture.

Although Rotary first entered Asia 20 years ago (with Clubs in Manila, The Philippines; Shanghai, China; and Calcutta, India), the growth of Rotary in that region was comparatively slow until ten years ago when Rotarian James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Alta., Canada, spent nearly two years in that region organizing many new Clubs. The development of

Rotary in Asia confronted the Board of Directors of Rotary International with new problems, among which were: providing field service to follow up the work initiated by Rotarian Davidson; providing supplies and services from a nearer point than one of the then existing offices of the Secretariat of Rotary International.

In 1932 the Committee appointed to study replies to a Questionnaire on Rotary Administration recommended to the Board that it be the policy of Rotary International to establish branch offices of the Secretariat in accordance with need, and expressed the opinion that a need was imminent in the region of Middle Asia. That same year the Board authorized the opening of a branch Secretariat to serve Middle Asia and adjacent regions. Rotarian Douglas Howland, also of Calgary, was asked to take charge of that branch office as an As-

sistant Secretary of Rotary International. He arrived at Bombay early in January, 1933, and for almost two years served in that region, conducting the office as a mobile unit and operating in India, Malaya, China, The Philippines, and the Netherlands East Indies.

Within a year after Rotarian Howland's departure from Asia, arrangements were made to provide field service for India, Burma, and Ceylon. Rotarian Herbert Bryant started his activities as Field Representative of Rotary International in these countries in September, 1935, operating from a field service office at Poona, India. He is still carrying on that work.

Later it was decided to establish an office of the Rotary International Secretariat at Singapore with Rotarian Richard Sidney as Secretary for Asia, it being the hope that with the establishment of such an office and the development of Rotary in India, Burma, and Ceylon, the field service could eventually be dispensed with in those three territories.

Rotarian Sidney visited Clubs in Malaya, the Netherlands East Indies, China, and Japan, and then proceeded to North America, where he visited Clubs in Canada and the United States and spent two months at the Central Office of the Rotary International Secretariat. Travelling via Europe, where he visited the offices at London and Zurich, and attended the International Assembly at Montreux and the international Convention at Nice, he returned to Singapore and opened the office for Asia in July, 1937.

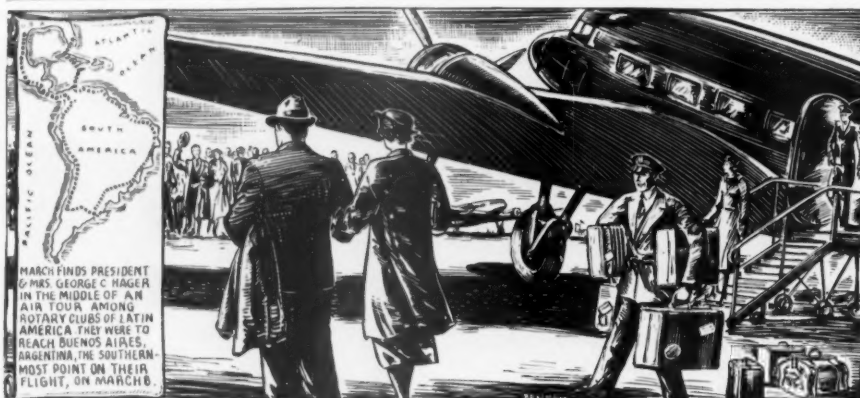
The intervening change in conditions in Asia, the desirability of continuing field service in India, Burma, and Ceylon, and of providing such service in China, caused the Board of Directors to review during the past 12 months the entire question of field and secretarial service of Rotary International in Asia. Careful consideration was given to this question at the recent meeting of the Board of Directors. Recommendations and suggestions contained in more than 40 reports and communications from all parts of the Asia region, as well as from Australia and New Zealand, were reviewed. Those reports and recommendations dealt with the present actual and future potential usefulness of the office for Asia as at present established at Singapore; the establishment of field service in China; the development of the existing field service office of the Rotary International Secretariat in India (office of the field representative) into an office for Middle Asia, which can furnish services and supplies to the Governors and Clubs in India, Burma, Ceylon, Malaya, Straits Settlements, Siam, and the Netherlands East Indies; the most efficient and economical arrangement for field and secretarial services in the Asia region; the desirability of utilizing the funds of Rotary International in the most effective manner, and the expressed preference of past and present officers and Clubs in some Districts in the Asia region for contacts with the Central Office of the Secretariat rather than with any branch office.

As a result of its study of all phases of this question and as a result of the consideration it gave to the recommendations and suggestions received from within the region, the Board has decided:

To provide a field representative for service in China.

To develop the existing office of the Secretariat of Rotary International in India (the office of the field representative) with the field representative for the present District 89 in charge of that office as Secretary for Middle Asia, so as to enable the carrying on of the present field service in India, Burma, and Ceylon, and to furnish services and supplies to the Governors and Clubs in Districts 79 and 80 as well as the present District 89.

To close the present office for Asia at Singapore and discontinue the position of Secretary for Asia not later than June 30, 1939.



## Rotarian Almanack 1939

*The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city.*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

**MARCH**  
—A tempestuous month in Northern climes—of 31 days.



Over the doorway of London's age-worn Guildhall are these words: *Audi Alteram Partem*—hear the other side. To help readers examine all sides of controversial issues, THE ROTARIAN in March, 1939, published its first regular debate-of-the-month. Since then the series has appeared monthly. Many of the debates and symposiums have been used in Rotary Club programs, thus helping further to clarify public thinking.

- 6—1927, Britain's Roundtable—a service club for young men patterned after Rotary—is founded.
- 1933, During the jig-saw puzzle craze, the Rotary Club of New York City issues a puzzle picturing its boys' camp. Proceeds from sales of the puzzles go to the camp.
- 8—1873, Birthday of John Nelson, Rotary International's 23d President. He died January 24, 1936.
- 9—1925, District 49, a French Rotary District which originally included France, Algiers, and Morocco, is formed.
- 10—1915, The first Rotary Club in a United States dependency is established in Honolulu, Hawaii.
- 11—1929, Cairo, Egypt's first Rotary Club, is admitted to membership in Rotary International.
- 12—1912, Scotland's first Rotary Club is organized in Glasgow.
- 15—1930, Morocco's first Rotary Club is organized in Casablanca.
- 18—1938, N. S. H. Nicholas Horthy, Regent of Hungary, grants an audience to Maurice Duperrey, President of Rotary International in the year 1937-1938.
- 21—1911, Rotary's first European Club is organized in Dublin, now capital of the Irish Free State.
- 25—1930, Rotary's first Club in Algeria is established in Algiers, the capital.
- 31—1925, Rotary's 2,000th Club is established in Ketchikan, Alaska.



Total Rotary Clubs in the world (Feb. 9, 1939), 4,859; and the total number of Rotarians (estimated), 205,200.



# Rotary Around the World

## Belgium

### Maintain Children's Clinic

BRUSSELS—Local crippled children are not friendless, for the Rotary Club of Brussels maintains a clinic to aid them. During the year 1937-38, it handled 56 new cases, 114 consultations, and 42 operations. Equipment was prescribed for five persons who could not be cured by operations. The costs of hospitalization as well as those involved in maintaining the clinic are met fully by the Rotary Club.

## Norway

### Build Summer Home

All town children—rich and poor alike—enjoy lying on the sands and splashing in the water at the seaside. But poor children can't do much about it, so the Rotary Club of Porsgrunn and the Rotary Club of Skien are building a Summer home on the coast for them. When it is completed, the two Clubs will share the operating costs.

## Australia

### Sponsor Blood Donors' Society

GRAFTON—Formation of a blood-transfusion volunteer society is being sponsored by the Rotary Club of Grafton. Volunteers will have their blood grouped so that they will be available if needed.

## Czecho-Slovakia

### Student Given Scholarship

MLADÁ BOLESLAV—For the past four years the Rotary Club of Mladá Boleslav has given a needy Commercial School student a scholarship which has enabled him to complete his studies there. The Club also conducts a mensa for poor students, and provides 400 meals yearly.

Photos: Stinson



*Leper colony (below) for which Suva, Fiji, Rotarians appealed for funds for motion-picture equipment. It was installed by L. Noerr (left, in doorway).*



*While European, Malay, and Chinese boys and girls listened in a schoolroom in Seremban, Federated Malay States, Arthur Edmonds, a member of Rotary Club of Seremban, lectured on the theme of Rotary as a world movement.*

One of the members has founded and financed an apprentice home; another organized and supported a Summer camp for 100 children in the border districts.

### Newspapermen Are Club Guests

PRAGUE—To acquaint the press with Rotary, the Rotary Club of Prague recently invited newspaper representatives to a meeting at which Rotary aims and objects were discussed. The discussion included also reports on the origin, development, and importance of Rotary.

## Fiji

### Give Projector to Leper Colony

SUVA—Far out in the Pacific Ocean on the leper island of Makongai in the Fiji group people are happier today because of Rotary. Isolated here are 500 lepers of eight races and from eight governmental agencies—two British

crown colonies, one Dominion and three of its dependencies, one American colony, and the Government of Tonga. They want—and need—entertainment. For years they were provided with silent moving-picture films, but as "talkies" conquered the field, this supply dwindled, finally stopped. Then the Rotary Club of Suva decided to sponsor the purchase of a "talkie" projector for the colony, a project in which it was joined by New Zealand Rotarians. A public appeal brought a financial response from many Pacific islands, the fund totalling £1,044. With this money modern "talkie" equipment was purchased and a fund set aside for repair

and upkeep. The equipment was installed by a Suva Rotarian—Leonard Noerr—and now shows films provided free by a New Zealand exchange.

## Hungary

### Give Funds for Road Building

PÉCS—To celebrate the tenth anniversary of its founding, the Rotary Club of Pécs con-



*Honored guest of the Rotary Club of Brantford, Ont., Canada, recently was Rotary's Vice-President Fernando Carbajal (center), of Lima, Peru. With him: (left) Stanley C. Forbes, Magazine Committee member, and Club President D. Slein.*

tributed 1,000 pengö to be used by the Municipal Board for a road to a scenic spot.

## Yugoslavia

### Support National Health Home

OSIJEK—The Rotary Club of Osijek, which in one year gave 14,100 dinars to the National Health Home, is continuing its support of that institution. Food, clothing, lodging, or various needed articles were provided 149 families.

## Switzerland

### Aid Persons in Debt

INTERLAKEN—Some people get into debt through no fault of their own. Realizing that,



*Busses chartered by the Katoomba, Australia, Rotary Club transported 73 boys from the local high school and a party of Rotarians with their wives and guests on a 50-mile trip to inspect the Richmond Aerodrome.*

the Rotary Club of Interlaken voted 100 francs to be used in cooperation with the Office of Prosecutions in helping such people out of their difficulties.

## Wales

### *Publish Careers Handbook*

COLWYN BAY—*Talents, Temperaments, and Opportunities* is the title of a booklet issued by the Colwyn Bay Public Library in conjunction with the Rotary Club of Colwyn Bay. A 19-page handbook dealing with 40 trades or professions, it will be presented to each child leaving school during the next four years. It is available free also to boys, girls, teachers, guardians, and others interested in vocational guidance for youth.

## Canada

### *Sons, Daughters Entertained*

WINNIPEG, MAN.—When members of the Rotary Club of Winnipeg and their sons and daughters get together for their annual luncheon, everyone has a good time. Present at their recent meeting were 468 persons. On the part of the Rotary sons and daughters, Miss Charlotte McGuinness proposed a formal vote of thanks to the Rotarian dads.

### *Club Raises \$1,000 Plus \$1,227*

FLIN FLON, MAN.—The local hospital could use an "iron lung"—as many a hospital in many a town could if it had one. The Rotary Club of Flin Flon, appreciating the need, organized a campaign to raise \$1,000 in the community for the purchase of such equipment. Three weeks elapsed. Not only did the community raise \$1,000, but also \$1,227 more. Now the hospital will receive a "lung" and also a respirator and incubator for babies and an oxygen tent. The \$500 remaining went into the Club's Community Service fund.

*With funds raised in a public appeal, the Rotary Club of Flin Flon, Man., Canada, bought an "iron lung" and other equipment for use at the local hospital.*

### *Promote International Goodwill*

YORKTON, SASK.—If representatives of 30 nations can live together harmoniously, why can't the nations represented do the same thing? That was the unspoken question at a meeting sponsored by the Rotary Club of Yorkton at which were, as special guests, 30 men from as many different countries. As each was introduced, he displayed the flag of the nation he represented. With the impressive entrance of "Miss Canada," the entire membership and guests arose to join in the national anthem.

## United States of America

### *Welcome City's Visitors*

EUSTIS, FLA.—Friendliness—that's the spirit motivating merchants giving courtesy cards to the city's visitors. Provided by the Rotary Club of Eustis, these cards read: "The bearer of this card and party are guests of the people of Eustis and it is our wish that every courtesy be extended them by the citizens of the community so that their visit will be enjoyable in every respect." The cards are backed up with a cordiality that makes them mean something.

### *Club Aids Needy Children*

ROBSTOWN, TEX.—When the Rotary Club of Robstown recently gave \$40 to bring cheer to needy Mexican children, their assistance did not go unappreciated. Local Mexican citizens were quick to express their appreciation of this act of generosity.

### *Plan Smelt Jamboree*

ESCANABA, MICH.—Smelt will be running again next month in Escanaba Bay. Then the Rotary Club of Escanaba will join with

the community in sponsoring the Escanaba Smelt Jamboree, April 13-15. Thousands of people will come from the Middle West to take part in the fun and celebration. But those who can't come may also enjoy the silvery fish, for the Rotary Club will provide smelt at the bare cost of distribution to other Rotary Clubs.

### *Provide Recreation Facilities*

JACKSON, MICH.—Boys and girls just won't sit with hands folded when they have some time for leisure. They do something; and unless somebody cares, that something may get them into trouble. But the Rotary Club of Jackson does care, for during the past year it has opened one playground and started another to provide wholesome surroundings in which the community's youth may enjoy their good times in worth-while recreational activities.

### *Film Rotary Activities*

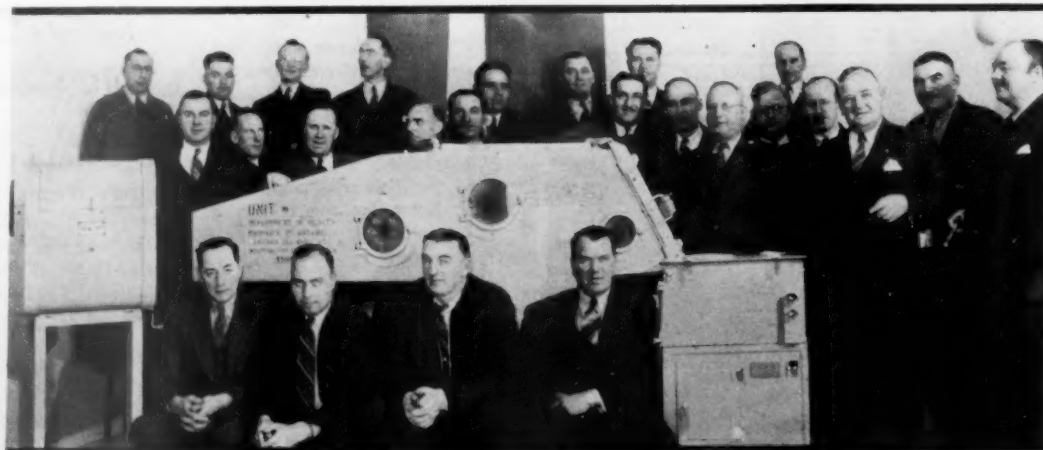
WINNER, SO. DAK.—Seeing is believing. That's why the Rotary Club of Winner is preparing a motion-picture film of its varied activities. When completed, this film will be sent to the Rotary Club of Oslo, Norway, and then to Rotary Clubs in other parts of the world, thus strengthening the bonds of international fellowship and goodwill.

### *Club to Exchange Flags*

MARFA, TEX.—Flags are more than bright-colored rectangles of cloth; they are symbols of national ideals and achievements. Aware of this, and as a gesture of international goodwill, each of the 30 members of the Rotary Club of Marfa drew the name of a Rotary Club in another land. To each of these Clubs will be presented a flag of the United States and a letter suggesting that recipient Clubs send flags of their countries.

### *Coöperates with High School*

AURORA, IND.—Aurora High School has a good set of friends in the Rotary Club of Aurora. The Club provides the school library with *THE ROTARIAN*, is working on a vocational bookshelf, and plans to give a \$25 scholarship and a certificate to the outstanding vocational student. Coöperating with another organiza-





*Always ready to present a program—"when, as, and if"—is the Pinch Hitters Club formed by the nine Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Clarion, Iowa.*

tion, it sent the school band to the Northwest Territory Parade at Lawrenceburg. It also is fostering a Rotary band composed of high-school graduates. A number of high-school boys are learning about Rotary by attending four consecutive meetings. During the year-end holidays, the Club gave a turkey dinner and program for 36 underprivileged boys.

#### *International Exchange of Speakers*

MARTINSBURG, W. VA.—What the world needs today is more friendship among nations. So said a member of the Rotary Club of Montreal, Que., Canada, when he addressed 200 Rotarians from four States and 12 Clubs at an intercity meeting at which the Rotary Club of Martinsburg was host. As a result of the reciprocal arrangement, a member from the Martinsburg Club will soon address the Montreal Rotary Club.

#### *Aid Crippled Children*

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.—The "March of Dimes" is a year-round parade in the Rotary Club of Youngstown, for many of the crippled children given aid are victims of paralysis. Many youngsters and a number of adults have been provided with shoes or braces by money from Club funds. Six wheel chairs are available to loan to those who need them. In a dozen or more instances, the Rotary Club also has helped in the rehabilitation of the physically disabled, helping them to qualify for occupations in which they may achieve a measure of self-support.

#### *Provides Hot Lunches*

LIBERTY, MO.—Local school children who can afford little or no food at noon hour don't go hungry. During the four hardest months of the year the Rotary Club of Liberty helped pay for hot lunches for 65 undernourished youngsters. And the results were gratifying, for the average gain in weight was five pounds.

#### *Seasonal Visitors Welcomed*

MIAMI, FLA.—When Rotarians visit its city, the Rotary Club of Miami gives them a cordial reception. To identify them at meetings, guests are given a special card which when tucked in a coat pocket shows the name of the State or country printed in large letters. During 22 weeks the Club had 3,176 guests—21 more than the year before. Of the 9,000 dinners served, 35 percent were to visitors. For the

whole year there was an average of 68 visitors a week.

#### *'Pasts' Form Pinch Hitters Club*

CLARION, IOWA.—Not on the out-of-circulation shelf, arranged in stately array, have the Past Presidents of the Rotary Club of Clarion placed themselves. Rather, they have organized a Pinch Hitters Club, the purpose of which is to take charge of a meeting in case the regular program fails for one reason or another. When they formed the club not long ago, they were seated at a special table [see cut above], duly honored by their fellow Club members, presented with miniature baseball bats in token of their rôle as pinch hitters. Each bat bore the name of its possessor.

#### *NYA Camp Enlarged*

ANN ARBOR, MICH.—The National Youth Administration (NYA) camp sponsored by the Rotary Club of Ann Arbor is being used as a model for similar camps in the United States. These camps, it is estimated, provide a program for approximately 7,000 young men. With a present capacity of 125, the camp at Ann Arbor is being enlarged so as to accommodate 350.

#### *Group Distributes Souvenir*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—When members of the Rotary Club of Oakland attended a meeting sponsored by fellow members whose classification included graphic arts, paper, advertising, and stationery, each received a pleasant surprise. It was in the form of a souvenir calendar set on a red Rotary wheel against a gold background. Pictures of the members in charge were set on the rim of the wheel.



## **\$12,513—On the Hoof**

There's a market for livestock and other farm products raised by 1,000 boys and girls in Klamath Basin today, a market which the Rotary Club of Klamath Falls, Oreg., has been helping to create since 1936. Cooperating with 4-H Club and Future Farmers of America groups, the Club has sponsored a Junior Livestock and Baby Beef Show.

What the boys and girls needed was not only someone to see their prize stock, but also somebody to buy it. Helped by the Rotary Club in 1936, adolescent exhibitors realized \$5,772 from the sale of livestock and in 1937, \$6,481. But in 1938 their sales totalled \$12,513—an average of 21½ cents for every pound of livestock at the show!

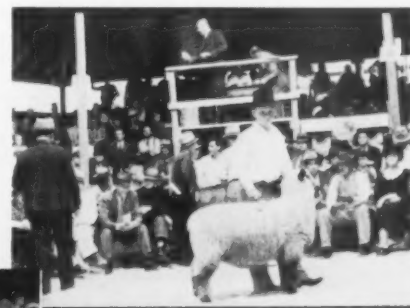
Back of this success were careful planning and hard work. Supervised by a General Chairman, the 75 members of the Rotary Club started preparing for the show weeks in advance. They supplemented letters, newspaper articles, and radio programs with personal visits to every community in Klamath Basin, urging stockmen and buyers as well as the general public to attend.

When the Junior Livestock and Baby Beef Show opened in 1938, entries of the finest quality ranged from canned fruit and vegetables to baby beef. Under flood lights boys and girls paraded their livestock and received awards ranging from purebred calves and sheep down through gold cups, trophies, scholarships, cash prizes, to halters and brushes.

One of the highlights of the event was the barbecue on the second evening of the show. With 1,500 pounds of beef, 50 gallons of beans, and all the other trimmings—including ice cream and pop for the children—no one went hungry. In fact, several hundred pounds of beef were turned over to the Salvation Army. The Rotarians served 850 people in one hour.

The climax of the show came at the auction sale, when the grand champion baby beef, led into the ring by his 13-year-old owner, brought \$1,250! A prize capon sold for \$56. A lamb brought more than a steer in the open market.

But as one Junior Livestock and Baby Beef Show passes into history, members of the Rotary Club of Klamath Falls, as well as 1,000 boys and girls, have already started plans for the 1939 exhibition.



*Proud as Punch was 10-year-old "Patty" Hammond (above) when his lamb was named grand champion at the Junior Livestock and Baby Beef Show sponsored by the Rotary Club of Klamath Falls, Oreg. . . . Rotarians served 850 people barbecued beef, beans, and "trimmings" in just one hour.*

# May I Suggest— . . . . . By William Lyon Phelps

*A Look at the Best of the Recent Books . . . with Notes on Their Authors*

**I**N COMMON with millions of other boys, one of the things I found most diverting at the circus was the burlesque imitation of proficiency. The accomplished acrobat went through his dangerous and hair-raising performances through the air, and before the applause had died away the clown came forward and made all laugh by his caricature of what we had just seen and admired.

Well, I could not help thinking of this when Howard Hughes had completed his tour of the world in three and a half days. It will be remembered that one of the "impossible" feats described by Jules Verne was in his book *Around the World in Eighty Days*, which I still recommend to all who wish to read a wildly exciting novel. Then in later years came the famous newspaperwoman Nellie Bly, followed by others who reduced the time. But what would Jules Verne have thought had someone prophesied that in 1938 a man would make a complete circuit of the globe in three and a half days? That he would lunch in Siberia and the next day lunch in New York? Although, in Kipling's phrase, "the thing that couldn't have occurred," I can still hardly believe it. Mr. Hughes is a miracle worker.

Hardly had the applause for his tremendous achievement begun to fade, when the world was roaring with laughter over the journey across the Atlantic by an irresponsible Irishman, known immediately as "Wrong Way Corrigan." It was the humorist's burlesque immediately following the perfect performance.

I am sure that not all my readers have read Corrigan's book, *That's My Story*, but I am quite sure every one of them ought to. Not only is it a fascinating story from beginning to end, but it helps to explain that madcap air voyage even as *We* for the first time made clear to me some of the chief reasons for the success of Lindbergh. I suppose there has never been in the history of the world any man on whom the minds of so many millions were concentrated as on Lindbergh during his flight. But when I read his book, I saw what years of drudgery he had gone through before his spectacular feat. So far as was possible, nothing had been

left to chance. He had learned his job absolutely, and had taken every possible precaution.

Well, now, if you will read Corrigan's book, you will see that his whole life was a preparation for his hop to Ireland. It differs from Lindbergh's because most of it was unconscious. In his childhood and boyhood he learned to rely wholly on himself; he worked and worked, asking no favors, asking no pity or sympathy—entirely free from self-pity. The boy Corrigan was encouraged by little successes and inspired by large failures. I am immensely impressed by his book—it is as exciting as it is unpretentious.

\* \* \*

*Lost April*, by Sydney Thompson, is a thoroughly good novel of the life and career of a strolling actor in a company doing one-night stands in America; and from this group a star rises who shines with first magnitude on Broadway. If this were all the story, it would still be interesting, still be worth reading; because the vicissitudes of travelling theatrical companies make as good material for a realistic novel as can be found anywhere; but a deeper tone is sounded here, when the young man in the company falls in love with the young girl; this leads to ecstasy and to despair. A philosophy of life is developed—what is the *summum bonum*, the highest good? And

the transfer from the excitement of Broadway to the calm of a New England village actually refreshes the reader almost as much as it does the overwrought actor. From this rest and peace he sallies forth again into his own world, because men and women who have some peculiar gift *must* use it, whether it brings happiness or not. Hermann Bahr, the Austrian playwright, believed that any great mental endowment irresistibly drives the man it possesses. He showed this in his play *Josephine*, where the young Napoleon did not want to be the soldier—he wanted to stay with the "woman he loved."

\* \* \*

*Grandma Called It Carnal*, by Bertha Damon, is a charming novel about a wonderful old woman of New England and her family. The fact that this woman is such a rugged individualist does not prevent me at all from enjoying the pleasure of instant recognition of the type. Indeed many Americans who were brought up in the 19th Century as Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, will remember the people and the scenes described in this book.

It is customary today for persons thus brought up to look back with an inner feeling of superiority on those men and women. But in some respects they had a way of life for which the very last word

would be the word "contemptible." They all had a sense of responsibility; they did not take excuses or look elsewhere either for help or for explanations when things went wrong. They were heroes and heroines; and that is why I suppose they make such fine protagonists for novels and dramas. Their views of life and of philosophy and of religion were limited; but what they lacked in breadth of view they made up in energy and resolution. You knew where to find them; they were dependable; they were *there*.

I think the greatest achievement in this brilliant book is in the demonstration that Grandma was happy. Her life to most



Courtesy, Dublin Opinion

*What Dublin Opinion, Irish journal of wit, managed by Rotarian P. T. Montford, saw as a potential result of Corrigan's inadvertent air visit.*

people today, especially to young people, would seem intolerably bleak; for she lived without almost any machinery of entertainment, which complicated machinery seems so necessary today. Yet Grandma was happier than most adolescents in 1939.

\* \* \*

The reliable Erle Stanley Gardner has written an exciting murder story, called *The D. A.* (district attorney) *Holds a Candle*. This is so much better than the common run of detective novels that it deserves mention. Yet on the whole I wish Mr. Gardner had never invented this D. A. at all; for he is certainly inferior to the combination of Perry Mason, the lawyer, and his secretary, Della Street.

\* \* \*

G. D. H. and Margaret Cole have written a good murder book that I thought I was not going to enjoy because it is made up of episodes rather than one continuous narrative. But I confidently recommend their *Mrs. Warrender's Profession* (the humor in the title is an example of the sparkling humor throughout the book) because the episodes not only are thrilling, but also they contain shrewd and witty expositions of human nature. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are distinguished British writers on economics and labor problems; they know how to write; and when they write murder stories just for fun and perhaps to pick up some money, their style is distinguished.

\* \* \*

I advise all Americans to read Christopher Morley's little book *History of an Autumn*. It is filled with charming meditations and invitations to enjoy things that are of good report, but it also reminds us of how fortunate the world is to have escaped a world war when right on the brink thereof. This is Mr. Morley's history of the Autumn of 1938, and it is difficult for me to understand why so many lovers of peace were so disappointed when war did *not* break out. "It will be worse later," they say, even as people cannot enjoy any happiness that they think is temporary. One might just as well feel bad when recovering from an illness, because of the next illness.

\* \* \*

Speaking of illness, let me recommend a highly interesting book called *The Horse and Buggy Doctor*, by Arthur E. Hertzler. This is not only an autobiography of high merit and continuous interest; it is also the history of horse and buggy doctors who surely were as useful as any class of persons in the whole wide world. It would be a terrible misfortune if they should become extinct; but how

curious it is that in the days of the horse and buggy with horrible roads in Summer and almost impassable snow masses in Winter, everyone was familiar with the country doctor; and now with perfect roads everywhere in Summer and Winter and with automobiles, there is a real danger that the visiting doctor will be seen no more.

The great Scot heart specialist Dr. Mackenzie advised every young doctor who intended to become a specialist to spend at least ten years as a general practitioner in a small town. That is the only way to learn symptoms—and it is by learning symptoms that a man becomes a good physician. The late Dr. W. J. Herrington, of Grindstone City, Michigan, was in the '80s and '90s my ideal of the horse and buggy doctor; and if I had needed an operation while living in Michigan, I should never have gone to a big city; I should have sent for Dr. Herrington.

Every morning, Winter and Summer, he hitched his horse to his two-wheeled gig and started on his rounds among the widely scattered farmers. With no assistant, no nurses, and long before the days of electricity, in kitchens illuminated by one kerosene lamp, he performed major operations. And his wide

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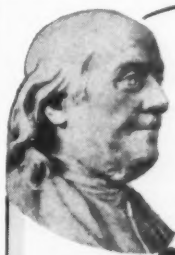
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experience gave him familiarity with everything from a cold to a cancer; nothing ever surprised him, nothing ever made him afraid. He often saved his patients without operating.

On page 236 of this book by Dr. Hertzler, he says that he was called in on a desperate case and the moment he made the diagnosis, he knew that in these cases the patient died after an (successful) operation. He did not operate. Three months later the patient, entirely well, called and asked for his bill. "Nothing," I yelled at him; I took him to lunch and a ball game. He had taught me something, when not to operate." \* \* \*

I suppose most of my readers have heard Billy Sunday and his singing partner Homer Rodeheaver. The latter has just published an exceedingly interesting biography of less than 150 pages, called *Twenty Years with Billy Sunday*. As Billy Sunday, entirely apart from his theology, was such a striking personality that he was known in every corner of the United States, this brief biography should have a large circulation. It is well done; the man is brought before us as he was. I knew Billy Sunday very well indeed; and I liked him immensely. The late provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith, professor of chemistry, invited him to spend several days at the University addressing the students, and Dr. Smith told me the experiment was beneficial in every way. Mr. Rodeheaver, whose beautiful singing and knowledge of music contributed greatly to the success of big meetings, has filled this book with anecdotes and incidents that reveal the character and work of his hero. One chapter is devoted to the subject concerning which Billy Sunday had to endure much hostile criticism—finance.

\* \* \*

A very lively and encouraging little book which will help many people in the daily struggle of living has the brave title *You Can Win* and is by Norman Vincent Peale. The background and foundation are religious faith; and on that is built a superstructure of wisdom and commonsense.

\* \* \*

This last book which I have just mentioned speaks for itself; you can tell by the title the nature of its contents. But here is a book that I wish especially to recommend, for the title is not so revealing. It is called *A Philoso-*

*pher's Holiday* and is by Irwin Edman, the brilliant professor of philosophy at Columbia University. This attractive little book is composed of autobiography, experiences of travel in Europe, exciting adventures in the classroom, meetings and conversations with pupils and with strangers, and reflections and meditations



Courtesy, Harper & Brothers

*Sometimes the only couch available on which the horse and buggy doctor could catch up on sleep.*

on the problems of life. This is the best of fireside and armchair conversation; our philosopher is a man of the world with a keen sense of humor, with a sympathy and understanding of humanity, and he is also a literary artist. To read this book is to spend a few hours in the company of a wise and civilized man, whose talk is full of wisdom and salty with wit.

\* \* \*

In accordance with my custom of recommending a standard book and a new play, let me recommend to all in my opinion the *best story* ever written, *The Three Musketeers* and its sequel, *Twenty Three After*, by Alexandre Dumas. If you can read it in French, so much the better; and at any large city bookshop you can buy the Nelson French edition very cheap in small attractive volumes with good type; they accompany me always on my travels. If you can read it only in English, get an illustrated edition. Believe me, these books are a delight to boys and girls, but they are also to old men and women, and are filled with wisdom and inspiration as well as with chronic excitement.

Of the new plays of the year, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, by Robert Sherwood, is my prescription.

\* \* \*

Books mentioned, their publishers and prices:  
*That's My Story*. Douglas Corrigan. Dutton. \$1.50.—*Lost April*. Sydney Thompson. Crowell. \$2.50.—*Grandma Called It Carnival*. Bertha Damon. Simon & Schuster. \$2.—*The D. A. Holds a Candle*. Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. \$2.—*Mrs. Warrender's Profession*. G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. Macmillan. \$2.—*History of an Autumn*. Christopher Morley. Lippincott. \$1.—*The Horse and Buggy Doctor*. Arthur E. Hertzler. Harper. \$2.75.—*Twenty Years with Billy Sunday*. Homer Rodeheaver. Cokesbury (Nashville, Tenn.). \$1.—*You Can Win*. Norman Vincent Peale. Abingdon. \$1.—*A Philosopher's Holiday*. Irwin Edman. Viking. \$2.75.

## That the Blind May Read

[Continued from page 31]

State agencies. Such machines can also be purchased from the American Foundation for the Blind at cost, ranging from \$25 for a spring-driven model to \$120 for the console electric 13-tube radio-phonograph combination, with foreign short waves and broadcast band. Edison had blind education in mind when he invented the phonograph, but recording reading matter was not practical until the American Foundation for the Blind developed special long-playing, durable, very thin records, enabling an ordinary book to be recorded on 12 to 18 discs occupying less space than would the same book in Braille. Trained readers, sometimes actors or the authors of the books themselves, do the reading. Dialogue is often handled in character with a musical background. Reading speed is about 180 words a minute, nearly twice that of Braille. Two hundred and fifty books have been recorded since the project was started four years ago and two or three titles from current best-seller lists are added every month.

Although already more reading is being done by Talking Books than Braille, the records are not likely to take the place of Braille for instructional or meditative reading which can't be fed through the mind at a uniform speed. But for literary entertainment in the narrative and drama particularly, and for those who are blinded too late in life to master Braille, it has been the greatest boon since radio. Listening to a complete play recorded by a cast of Broadway actors is a pleasure any sighted person might covet, but all records are distributed only on loan, and because of the limited number and copyright agreements, both Talking Books and records can be supplied only to the blind, being franked through the mails as are books in Braille.

In the past century, since the world of the intellect was opened to them by Braille printing, the blind have risen from beggars and virtual outcasts to a respected place in society, often as breadwinners and highly cultivated men and women. There is almost no field of human endeavor they have not entered successfully. Lincoln, Nebraska, has a blind and deaf radio commentator. A blind toolsmith of Tujunga, California, planned and built a two-story stone house without help except in the reading of his level. A watchmaker who went blind learned Spanish and became more important as an interpreter than he could have at his trade. Some piano factories

employ blind tuners by preference. In Japan, the guild of blind masseurs practically has a complete monopoly on massage parlors.

There are many blind lawyers, editors, teachers, musicians, and business administrators as well as factory workers. Within the last few years two blind men have served in the California State Legislature, two in Texas, two in Tennessee, one in New Hampshire, and one in Colorado. Until recently there were three in the United States Congress.

Recent legislation has provided more work for the blind and served to increase self-respect while decreasing the expense of maintaining them as public charges. Certain civil-service jobs as typists and dictaphone operators are open to the blind. And the recent Randolph-Shepherd Bill in the United States has accomplished a miracle of rehabilitation by opening all Federal buildings to cigarette and candy concessions, in order to create jobs suitable for the blind.

Rotarians have had their share in this tremendous salvage of human lives, by arranging training, medical treatment, Christmas parties; supporting school nurseries, blind home teachers for elderly blind, Summer camps for children of blind parents, outings for blind children; collecting and distributing secondhand radios; financing newsstands; buying Braille dominoes, playing cards, checkers, slates, clothing, shoes, coal, furniture, band instruments and uniforms, subscriptions to the Braille edition of *The Reader's Digest*, and Talking Books; and selling articles made by the blind.

It was E. J. Johnson, O.B.E., Past President of the Rotary Club of West Ham, England, who originated the idea of white canes for the blind of West Ham, which gives them in effect a passport to cross streets in safety. The idea spread to other Rotary groups until more than half of Britain's 64,000 sightless were supplied, and the movement has spread to Australia, France, Belgium, the United States, and probably other countries. Other organizations are also actively engaged in carrying forward this fine work. The famous Seeing Eye dogs have been another important factor in giving some of the more gifted blind the freedom to live and work almost exactly as though they had not lost their sight.

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## Our Changing Main Streets

[Continued from page 17]

be used only when the larder was empty.

In smaller receptacles were salt, pepper, cinnamon, cloves, all-spice, nutmegs. Tipped forward in front of the counter were small tubs or pails—firkins, they were called—with fine-cut chewing tobacco, butter, cucumber pickles, and salt mackerel. The huge American cheese on the counter had a netting to protect it from flies, a precaution that did not extend to the molasses barrel. At the back of the store stood the cracker

barrel, loosely covered, into which customers dipped from time to time. On shelves near the front was a row of glass canisters with tin tops, containing stick candy with white and red stripes, gumdrops, peppermint tablets with mottoes.

Can you young housewives who buy fresh lettuce, peas, string beans, cauliflower, every day in the year realize that in the 1880s between October and June the only vegetables available were potatoes, parsnips, beets, turnips, and onions;

the only fruit, apples in barrels in the cellar (picked over several times during Winter and the partly spoiled ones made into apple butter), dried apples, canned peaches, and an occasional rare orange? Today fresh vegetables arrive sometimes by airplane from Imperial Valley, Florida, and Bermuda; even asparagus by freezing can be had on New Year's Day.

The first drugstores did not do much in the way of prescriptions, except the homemade variety. Doctors carried their own medicines in their saddlebags, and later in their mud-splashed buggies. The drugstore sold patent medicines, tonics, and bitters heavily charged with alcohol, staple household remedies, arnica, castor oil, liniment, licorice root, horehound, and mustard plasters (in quaint porcelain jars now sought by collectors), as well as combs, brushes, shaving soap, and pomade for slicking the hair. Macassar oil, popular with dandies of the Chester-Arthur era, gave its name to the tidies crocheted by ladies to protect the backs of their stuffed chairs—antimacassars. The soda fountain edged its way in, a one-spigot setup, squirting charged water into sweet sirups, lemon, chocolate, and vanilla the only flavors.

Today's drugstore is a department store and restaurant combined. Over the soda bar are served not only meals, breakfasts, lunches, and teas, but also a bewildering multitude of soft drinks and ice-cream concoctions, and many are furnished with tables as well as high stools at the counter. The prescription department is shoved back to make room for books, magazines, stationery, confectionery, tobacco, bathing accessories, and a large department devoted to cosmetics.

**N**OTHING better illustrates the sweeping changes in Main Street than the transformation of these two staple business institutions, the grocery and the drugstore. Packaged goods introduced cleanliness and simplified selling. Advertising insured that all stores carried the same products. Plate glass displaced the small-paned show windows. Electric light lit up the windows and made night shopping possible. Grocery stores became glorified food markets. In warm States they are open in front and customers market without leaving their cars. Self-help stores do away with salespeople. And practically every known delicacy can be bought in the stores on even the smallest Main Streets.

The chain store added its influence to the forces that have changed Main Street. In spite of controversy\* its con-



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\* See *Shackle the Chain Store?*, debate of the month, Wright Patman and Godfrey M. Lebar, February, 1939, *ROTARIAN*.

tribution has been beneficial. Chains began with the grocery trade, when the Atlantic & Pacific inaugurated the movement in 1850. Now they are found in all cities, not only groceries, but drug, tobacco, bakery, clothing, as well as those Lilliputian department stores, the "5-and-10's." The chains introduced scientific methods into retail selling, and taught the independents new ways which the abler were shrewd enough to adopt. Their garish fronts rubricate the business facade. Another intruder is the mail-order store. Not content with firing a four-pound catalogue at customers once a year, it has established retail houses in many business districts.

## Jed Hanks on Automobiles

By O. O. McIntyre

**C**ONSTABLE MORT SKILER has named his automobile "The Squirrel." It has already run up two trees and one telegraph pole.

Lem Wallace says he saw a feller down at Columbus crank up a car without havin' to be carried away in an ambulance.

Ever' time a mortgage is filed at the courthouse, there ain't standin' room at the freight depot to watch them uncrate a new automobile.

Milly Crawford took her automobile engine apart and put it back agin and had only three pieces left over.

Two city fellers in laundried shirts and a couple o' wimmen in slit skirts dashed through Sardinia yestiddy on a joy ride and never hit or maimed a soul.

Uncle Hiram Watts, who has palsy, was crossin' Spruce Street when an automobile horn tooted real suddint behind him. Uncle Hiram shook off his Sunday suit afore they could git him into the Park Hotel.

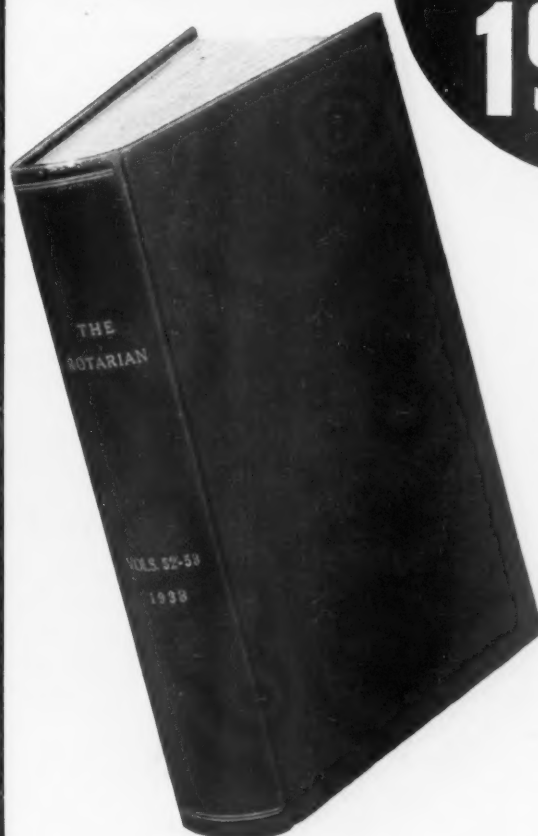
Bill Spivens' daughter Mable, who went through finishin' school to learn how to spell her name M-a-y-b-e-l-l-e, has bought an electric runabout. Bill says it will run about a mile.

Most fellers pay five or six thousand dollars for an automobile an' then spend the rest o' the time figgeren out how they can save a half a cent a gallon on gasoline.

Bub Thornily, who is trainin' to be a chauffeur, spends his evenin's an' Sunday crawlin' in an' out from under his corncrib. Bub went all the way to Indianapolis to see the auto races an' didn't see nary an accident.

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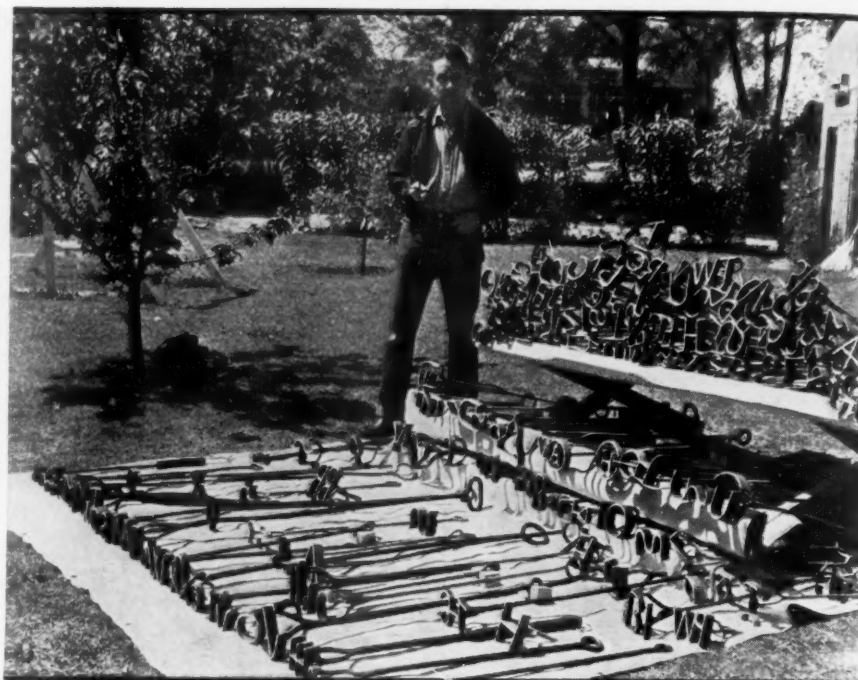


Photo: Courtesy, Desert Magazine

Linked with each branding iron in Rotarian Hale's collection is a story of the cattle days of the old West when brands were the legal evidence of ownership.

## The Hobbyhorse Hitching Post

*A Corner Devoted to the Hobbies of Rotarians and Their Families*

**G**ONE are those almost-legendary days when cattle barons ruled the range, making history with their six-shooters. But the wild West lives again in those who relive its drama by collecting symbols of its power.

Interested in the "coats of arms" of cattle kingdoms, ROTARIAN JOHN P. HALE, of Mesa, Ariz., has collected more than 300 branding irons, not only from the great ranches of the West, but also from Argentina, Brazil, Jamaica, Mexico, Hawaii, Canada, and Australia. In his collection are irons of the Duke of Windsor and the late Will Rogers, from Governors and Senators, from Congressmen and authors.

For centuries, hot branding irons have seared marks of ownership into the hides of cattle. These crude scars have been emblems of pride to their owners, yet they are marks over which men have been killed, fortunes made and lost.

"Treasured as only feudal lords of an earlier age guarded their heraldic devices and coats of arms," says ROTARIAN HALE, "the branding irons of the Western cattlemen have been handed down from generation to generation."

At one time 29,000 brands were recorded in Arizona, he reports. This almost unbelievable number covered the insignias of many owners who ran their cattle in other States.

Among the irons in ROTARIAN HALE's collection are the Double H & S wrench of the Miller-Lux outfit, largest in the history of the Pacific slope; the T O of Santa Marguerita with the iron of El Tejon dating back to the days of Spanish dons; the G H long used on William Randolph Hearst's ranch at San Simeon; the J W Y of John W. Young, famous in Mormon history; an old M K, the Maverick iron, contributed by former Congressman Maury Maverick; the old Spanish brand of Stephen F. Austin, the "father of Texas"; irons from the J A and Matador ranches, largest in the Panhandle; a

Bell and a Cross L from New Mexico; a Quarter Circle 2 from Idaho; a C Cross from Colorado; a Quarter Circle J from Utah; a Wine Glass from Nevada; and one from the best known of all Arizona outfits, the Hashknife.

"Every iron in the collection has an interesting history," declares ROTARIAN HALE. "Could each speak, there would be tales of hardship, adventure, heartbreak, and success. The weird symbols seared on the hides of cattle provide a historical index—for it was cattle that gave the West the reputation for local color it still enjoys. It was the cattlemen who was responsible for the pioneer population of the Southwest."

## What's Your Hobby?

There are hobbies for every season and hobbies that last the year round. Whatever their cycle, they're always good for a discussion among hobbyists. THE GROOM will be glad to list your name here if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family . . . which may bring you mail. If you are a member of a Rotarian's family, please state your relationship.

**Raising Dalmatians:** Beder Wood, Jr., 18th St. and 1st Ave., Moline, Ill., U.S.A.

**Prints:** Birger Sandzen (also collects lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, rings, semiprecious stones, and Chinese paintings), Bethany College, Lindborg, Kans., U.S.A.

**Soil-less Plant Experiments:** Harold Davis (wishes to correspond with others interested in same hobby), Silverton Public Schools, Silverton, Oreg., U.S.A.

## PHILATELY

**Stamps:** Harry E. Boyle (wishes to exchange stamps of Canada for those of the United States), Napanee, Ont., Canada.

**Stamps:** Dr. Hugh M. Hart (wishes to correspond with collectors of stamps abroad, to collect stamps depicting physicians and Rotarians, and is interested in exchange of mint stamps in blocks), N. Market St., New Wilmington, Pa., U.S.A.

**Stamps:** Stephen A. Hull (wishes to exchange Western Union telegraph stamps for United States revenues and stamps of The Philippines), Terminal Sales Building, Seattle, Oreg., U.S.A.

—THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM.

## Helps for the Club Program Makers

The following reading references are based on *Planning Club Meetings in Advance, 1938-39* (Form No. 251) issued from the Secretariat of Rotary International, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. The supplementary references may be obtained from your local public library or by writing to the individual State Library Commissions.

### THIRD WEEK (MARCH)—The 1939 Convention.

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

The City of the Cosmopolitan Heart. Harold H. Burton. This issue, page 32.

From Flatboat to Ship of State. James Truslow Adams. Feb., 1939.

Making Them Feel at Home. Louis Adamic. Feb., 1939.

It's Cleveland in June. George C. Hager. Jan., 1939.

Ohio Moves to End Floods. Fred B. Barton. Jan., 1939.

Listen While You Tour. Morris Markey. Dec., 1938.

May I Suggest—. A Look at Books about Ohio and Cleveland. William Lyon Phelps. Dec., 1938.

#### Other Magazines—

'Foreigners' Are News in Cleveland. Louis Adamic. *The Reader's Digest*. Aug., 1938.

Cleveland Versus the Crooks. Stanley High. *Current History*. Oct., 1938. *The Reader's Digest*. Feb., 1939.

New Industries. *Business Week*. Dec. 10, 1938.

#### Books—

The Faithful Mohawks. J. W. Lydekker. Macmillan. 1938. \$3.75. Old documents reveal an interesting story of these Indians, once the terror of the frontiersman.

Tarnished Warrior. Major James R. Jacobs. Macmillan. 1938. \$3.50. The story of General Wilkinson, picturesque figure of the old frontier.

Cleveland's Golden Story. James Wallen. William Taylor. 1920. A brief history of the city. (Not for sale.)

The Civilization of the Old Northwest. Beverly W. Bond, Jr. Macmillan. 1934. \$3.50. A history of the settlement of the Ohio region.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

The 1939 Convention—Cleveland.

From the Standard Oil Company (Ohio), Midland Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio:

Let's Explore Ohio. Illustrated booklet for tourists.

### FOURTH WEEK (MARCH)—Assisting Underprivileged Children (Community Service).

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

Children at Play the World Over. Pictorial. This issue, page 41.

Rotary Around the World. Every issue contains notes on Club activities in this field. This issue, page 53.

If Preventable, Why Not Prevented? David Sloane, M. D. Dec., 1938.

Economizing on Crime. R. A. Nestos. Dec., 1938.

A Chance for Each Chappie. Angus Mitchell. Sept., 1938.

Once upon a Time. Nancy Jane Knoch. Feb., 1938.

Better Boys at Bargain Prices. B. A. Schapper. Jan., 1938.

#### Other Magazines—

Social Welfare in Public Schools. *School & Society*. Nov. 19, 1938.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Crippled Children Assembly. *Convention Proceedings, 1938*. Page 295.

Rotary and the Crippled Child. Paul H. King. *Convention Proceedings, 1937*. Page 50.

Assisting Underprivileged Children. No. 644.

Big Brother Service. No. 645.

### FIRST WEEK (APRIL)—The Permanent Court of International Justice (International Service).

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

A Court of World Law. Laurence R. Campbell. This issue, page 40.

It Will Take Time. Elihu Root. Mar., 1932.

#### Books—

The World Court, 1921-1938. Manley O. Hudson. World Peace Foundation. 1938. 75c. A summary of the progress of the court by an eminent authority on international law.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Carnegie Endowment for Interna-

tional Peace, 405 West 117th St., New York City:

The United States and World Organization during 1937. Pamphlet No. 341.

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

The Permanent Court of International Justice. No. 725H.

### SECOND WEEK (APRIL)—Playgrounds

—Their Uses and Equipment (Community Service).

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

Not for Children Only. Editorial. This issue, page 38.

Children at Play the World Over. This issue, page 41.

For Children Must Play. Weaver Pangburn. July, 1933.

#### Other Magazines—

Play Safe! Katherine Brownell Oettinger. *Hygeia*, Nov., 1938.

Park and Playground Areas in the Region of Chicago. *American City*. Nov., 1938.

You Asked for It! *Recreation*. Sept., 1938.

#### Books—

Children's Play, Indoors and Out. Elizabeth F. Boettiger. Dutton. 1938. \$2. A guide for the first formative years.

When Home and School Get Together. Tracy W. Redding. Association Press. 1938. \$1.25.

Activities of children of school age. For parents and teachers.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Playgrounds—Their Uses and Equipment. File 686A.

## Other Suggestions for Club Programs

### AMERICA'S WATERWAY QUESTION

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

What of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway? (symposium). Hanford MacNider, Frank L. Bolton, and B. W. P. Coghlin. This issue, pages 18-24.

The River That Has No End. Leslie Roberts. Jan., 1931.

#### Other Magazines—

Why the St. Lawrence Seaway? *Business Digest*. Sept., 1938.

#### Books—

The Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Deep Waterway to the Sea. Tom Ireland. Putnam. 1938. \$2.

A presentation of the advantages of the project.

The Commercial Empire of the St. Lawrence, 1760-1850. D. G. Creighton. Yale University Press. 1938. \$3.75. A study of Canadian-American relations and the history of the people of the St. Lawrence basin.

St. Lawrence River Ship Canal. Julia E. Johnson. H. W. Wilson. 1926. A handbook for debaters on the subject.

The Eleventh Commandment. George H. Cless, Jr. Scribner's. 1938. \$2.50. Chapter X is an attack on the seaway project.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Three Thousand Miles of Understanding. No. 747.

### EVOLUTION OF MAIN STREET

#### From THE ROTARIAN—

Our Changing Main Streets. Earnest Elmo Calkins. This issue, page 14.

A 'Chamber' Man and Proud of It. John Girdler. Aug., 1938.

'Good Old Days'? They Never Were! Donald Hough. July, 1938.

Lifting the Face of Main Street. Neil M. Clark. May, 1937.

#### Books—

Your Community. Joanna C. Colcord. Russell Sage Foundation. 1939. An outline for making a survey of what your town has and needs.

A Prayer for Tomorrow. J. Hyatt Downing. Putnam. 1938. \$2.50. A story of life in a small South Dakota town.

Middletown in Transition. Robert S. Lynd and Helen M. Lynd. Harcourt Brace. 1938. \$5. A study of a typical community. Full of interesting ideas.

High Pressure: What It Is Doing to My Town and Neighbors. Jesse Rainsford Sprague. Doubleday, Doran. 1938. \$2.50.

They Broke the Prairie. Earnest Elmo Calkins. Scribner's. 1937. \$2.50. A fascinating study of the changing American scene.

#### Pamphlets and Papers—

From the Secretariat of Rotary International:

Statistics (in Pamphlet 38 inside front cover) as to number of Rotary Clubs in towns of various sizes.

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Photos: (3) White; (4) Harris & Ewing

Left to right: Contributors Gillilan, Coghlin, Bolton, MacNider, Pollock

## Chats on Contributors

**A**FTER 40 years of authorship, **Channing Pollock** looks forward to his most productive years of writing, in which he hopes to produce some of his best works. Assistant dramatic editor of the Washington (D. C.) *Post* at 16, he was a widely known playwright before he was 30 and a contributor to numerous magazines. He has written more than a score of plays, among them *The Fool*, *The Enemy*, and *The House Beautiful*. Soon to be published is *Adventures of a Happy Man* (Crowell Company), in which *Work Is Its Own Reward*, from this issue, will have a place. . . . Readers recalling **Stephen Leacock's** other diverting essays will follow with interest *Our Dinner Club* and *How It Died*. Professor emeritus of McGill University, he is well known for his books *Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy* and *Humor and Humanity*. . . . **Earnest Elmo Calkins** presents here *Our Changing Main Streets*, the first of a two-article series on that theme. Known as the dean of advertising men, he was for 30 years president of Holden and Calkins, advertising agency. For distinguished service to advertising he was awarded the Edward Bok gold medal. His time is now devoted to lecturing and writing.

*What of the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence Seaway?*, symposium-of-the-month, presents a question long in the minds of businessmen and statesmen of two nations. **Hanford MacNider**, who advocates its completion, received high honors in the World War from the United States, France, and Italy. He was national commander of the American Legion in 1921-22, Assistant Secretary of War in 1925-28, United States Minister to Canada in 1930-32. He is a member of the Rotary Club of Mason City, Iowa. If a seaway is built, choose the all-American route, contends **Frank L. Bolton**, president of the New York State Waterways Association. Shortly after his graduation as a civil engineer from the University of Michigan in 1909, he aided in a study of water levels in the Great Lakes and continued his interest in water-power projects, serving as captain of engineers in the World War. Since 1929 he has been president of the Cayuga Rock Salt Company. He is a former member of the Erie, Pa., Rotary Club. **B. W. P. Coghlin**, who says "No" to the waterway project, is president of B. J. Coghlin Company, Ltd., a firm founded by his father. He entered the organization as a clerk, became president in 1910. He is president of the Montreal Board of Trade, is a past president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, has served on boards of various community-welfare and business organizations. . . . Once a cub reporter in

Texas, later a screen writer in Hollywood, **Weldon Melick** is now in the East, where he writes for radio and magazines. *That the Blind May Read* is his theme, his second ROTARIAN contribution. . . . **Harold H. Burton**, who introduces ROTARIAN readers to *The City of the Cosmopolitan Heart*, entered law practice on his graduation from Harvard in 1912. Numerous civic and governmental organizations have since placed him in important positions; he has been Mayor of Cleveland since 1935.

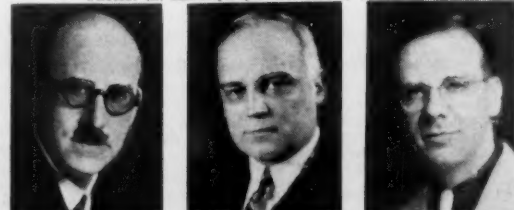


Leacock

For service in the World War he received the Order of the Purple Heart from his own nation; the Croix de Guerre from Belgium. He is an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland. . . . **Lawrence G. Green, Kimberley:** *Diamonds from Grease*, is a member of the editorial staff of *The Cape Argus*, of Capetown, South Africa, and a frequent contributor to newspapers and magazines in the British Empire and the United States. . . . It was in one of his books that **Strickland Gillilan** introduced the popular saying of 1910, "Off agin, on agin, Finnigan," which helped him gain his place as one of today's outstanding humorists, authors, and lecturers. A previous ROTARIAN contributor, he considers *Brink-Quivering* in this issue. . . . **A Sister**, who pens a *Portrait of a Brother*, permits the veil of anonymity to lift sufficiently to disclose that she lives in New York City.

As a small boy in London, England, a farm hand in Western Canada, an accounts officer in Mesopotamia, an adding-machine salesman in India, a newspaper editor in California, and now a free-lance writer, **Frank R. Gerard** has studied men and their methods, now asks *What Is Your 'X'?* He is a former member of the Rotary Club of Bombay and of the Rotary Club of Calcutta. . . . Again in *May I Suggest—* **William Lyon Phelps**, Yale's professor emeritus of English literature and New Haven, Conn., Rotarian, comments on recent literary works. . . . **Laurence R. Campbell**, *A Court of World Law*, is a ROTARIAN staffman.

Photos: (2) Randolph-Quianato-Sarcia; (3) Bloomingdale Bros.



Left to right: Contributors Gerard, Burton, Melick.

